MELIN-COURT.

T. LOVE PEACOCK.

VOL. I

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT LL.D.

AND PUBLISHED BY

J. M. DENT & Co. AT ALDINE

HOUSE, 69, GREAT EASTERN ST.

LONDON. MDCCCXCI.

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OR

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON

T. L. Peacock.

Ætat 18.

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INTRODUCTION.

SOME one told Byron that a friend of Shelley's had written a novel about his bear. This intelligence pleased the poet, but disgusted the novelist, who wrote, "When I condensed Lord Monboddo's views of the humanity of the Ouran Outang into the character of Sir Oran Haut-ton, I thought neither of Lord Byron's bear nor of Caligula's horse." The views in question are contained, with much else, in Monboddo's works on the "Origin and Progress of Language" and "Antient Metaphysics," consisting of twelve volumes, and are judiciously condensed by the writer in the Dictionary of Natural Biography as follows, "He maintained that the Ourang Outang was a class of the human species, and that its want of speech was merely accidental." The biographer adds, "Many of his views appear less eccentric to us than they did to his contemporaries." They do indeed. After being the subject of derision for nearly a century, Monboddo is now considered to have been as much in advance of his age as the

monkey who wore his tail off him was of the monkey who wore his tail on him. He had won Peacock's heart by his enthusiasm for ancient Greece, and it is probable that much of the social philosophy of "Melincourt" is derived from one of the most honourable traits in his character. "He would not either raise the rents or eject a poor tenant, but boasted that his lands were more numerously peopled than any portion of equal extent in the neighbourhood."

Shelley informed Peacock that "Melincourt" was greatly admired and esteemed in Pisa, and preferred to his other writings. The poet's licence *quidlibet audendi* was carried far by Shelley, and we are probably to understand that not the entire reading population of Pisa was denoted, but only the Gisbornes. *Vox populi* or not, the Pisan verdict surely erred. Shelley rightly recognised in "Melincourt" more of the true spirit, and an object less indefinite than in "Headlong Hall" or "Nightmare Abbey," but this is a subordinate point. The book might have counted among its author's best if planned on a more restricted scale. The conception of Sir Oran Haut-ton is in itself excellent, and would have been an admirable foundation for a short story. But it does not admit of extensive development; we have soon extracted all that is to be had from it: and, whimsically enough, though Sir Oran is speechless, he is the only character that enlivens the book. The Faxes, Portpipes, and other personages who

occupy the scene in his absence, are far below Peacock's usual level, and the attacks on Coleridge and Canning excite compassion for the assailant, rather than amusement at the expense of the assailed. Some scenes, such as the catastrophe of the bubble bank, are certainly very happy: and the novel possesses one incontestible merit in the eloquence of much of the dialogue. The occurrence of such set orations in ordinary conversation, and the superhuman patience of listeners, often *toto cælo* dissentient from the speaker, violate indeed nature and probability; but the vigour, elegance, and impressiveness of the language are beyond praise. Nor, great as is Peacock's merit as a descriptive writer, will more beautiful passages be found in his writings than the description of Anthelia's woodland walk in a mountainous country, whether as regards truth to nature, or the spiritual suggestiveness of the landscape.

"Melincourt" was translated into French shortly after its appearance. A most amusing, and fortunately a much shorter story, by Wilhelm Hauff, is founded upon the same idea of the introduction of an Ourang-Outang into polite society. It was published about ten years later. Whether the writer derived his inspiration from "Melincourt" is not known. It is entitled "The Young Englishman," and satirises the disposition of young Germans, after the general peace, to copy the bad rather than the good examples of the English who resorted to the Continent. A "Young English-

man" is introduced into the society of a small German town, and is aped by it most dutifully until he is discovered to be an ape himself, and is dismissed to the Zoological Gardens.

MELINCOURT

OR

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

*VOCEM COMŒDIA TOLLIT.**

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1856.†

"MELINCOURT" was first published thirty-nine years ago. Many changes have since occurred, social, mechanical, and political. The boroughs of Onevote and Threevotes have been extinguished: but there remain boroughs of Fewvotes,‡ in which Sir Oran Haut-ton might still find a free and enlightened constituency. Beards disfigure the face, and

* The following is the motto of the title-page of the first edition:—"Nous nous moquons des Paladins! quand ces maximes romanesque commencèrent à devenir ridicules, ce changement fut moins l'ouvrage de la raison que celui des mauvaises mœurs."—ROUSSEAU.

† Written in 1817.—Published in 1818.

‡ They are gone too.—G.

tobacco poisons the air, in a degree not then imagined. A boy, with a cigar in his mouth, was a phenomenon yet unborn. Multitudinous bubbles have been blown and have burst: sometimes prostrating dupes and impostors together; sometimes leaving a colossal jobber upright in his triumphal chariot, which has crushed as many victims as the car of Juggernaut. Political mountebanks have founded profitable investments on public gullibility. British colonists have been compelled to emancipate their slaves; and foreign slave labour, under the pretext of free trade, has been brought to bear against them by the friends of liberty. The Court is more moral: therefore, the public is more moral; more decorous, at least, in external semblance, wherever the homage, which Hypocrisy pays to Virtue,* can yield any profit to the professor: but always ready for the same reaction, with which the profligacy of the Restoration rolled, like a spring-tide, over the Puritanism of the Commonwealth. The progress of intellect, with all deference to those who believe in it, is not quite so obvious as the progress of mechanics. The "reading public" has increased its capacity of swallow, in a proportion far exceeding that of its digestion. Thirty-nine years ago, steam-boats were just coming into action, and the railway locomotive was not even thought of. Now every-

* This seems a slip of the pen. Hypocrisy does not pay homage to Virtue, but is itself the homage paid to Virtue by Vice.—G.

body goes everywhere: going for the sake of going, and rejoicing in the rapidity with which they accomplish nothing. *On va, mais on ne voyage pas.* Strenuous idleness drives us on the wings of steam in boats and trains, seeking the art of enjoying life, which, after all, is in the regulation of the mind, and not in the whisking about of the body.* Of the disputants whose opinions and public characters (for I never trespassed on private life) were shadowed in some of the persons of the story, almost all have passed from the diurnal scene. Many of the questions, discussed in the dialogues, have more of general than of temporary application, and have still their advocates on both sides: and new questions have arisen, which furnish abundant argument for similar conversations, and of which I may yet, perhaps, avail myself on some future occasion.

THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

March, 1856.

* Hor. Epist. I. ii. 27—30.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHELIA.

ANTHELIA MELINCOURT, at the age of twenty-one, was mistress of herself and of ten thousand a year, and of a very ancient and venerable castle in one of the wildest valleys in Westmoreland. It follows of course, without reference to her personal qualifications, that she had a very numerous list of admirers, and equally of course that there were both Irishmen and clergymen among them. The young lady nevertheless possessed sufficient attractions to kindle the flames of disinterested passion; and accordingly we shall venture to suppose, that there was at least one in the number of her sighing swains with whom her rent-roll and her old castle were secondary considerations; and if the candid reader should esteem this supposition too violent for the probabilities of daily experience in this calculating age, he will at least concede it to that degree of poetical licence which is invariably accorded to a tale founded on facts.

Melincourt Castle had been a place of consider-

able strength in those golden days of feudal and royal prerogative, when no man was safe in his own house unless he adopted every possible precaution for shutting out all his neighbours. It is, therefore, not surprising, that a rock, of which three sides were perpendicular, and which was only accessible on the fourth by a narrow ledge, forming a natural bridge over a tremendous chasm, was considered a very enviable situation for a gentleman to build on. An impetuous torrent boiled through the depth of the chasm, and after eddying round the base of the castle-rock, which it almost insulated, disappeared in the obscurity of a woody glen, whose mysterious recesses, by popular superstition formerly consecrated to the devil, are now fearlessly explored by the solitary angler, or laid open to view by the more profane hand of the picturesque tourist, who contrives, by the magic of his pencil, to transport their romantic terrors from the depths of mountain-solitude to the gay and crowded, though not very wholesome, atmosphere of a metropolitan exhibition.

The narrow ledge, which formed the only natural access to the castle-rock, had been guarded by every impediment which the genius of fortification could oppose to the progress of the hungry Scot, who might be disposed, in his neighbourly way, to drop in without invitation and carouse at the expense of the owner, rewarding him, as usual, for his extorted hospitality, by cutting his throat and setting fire to his house. A drawbridge over

the chasm, backed by a double portcullis, presented the only mode of admission. In this secure retreat thus strongly guarded both by nature and art, and always plentifully victualled for a siege, lived the lords of Melincourt in all the luxury of rural seclusion, throwing open their gates on occasional halcyon days to regale all the peasants and mountaineers of the vicinity with roasted oxen and vats of October.

When these times of danger and turbulence had passed, Melincourt Castle was not, as most of its brother edifices were, utterly deserted. The drawbridge, indeed, became gradually divorced from its chains; the double portcullis disappeared; the turrets and battlements were abandoned to the owl and the ivy; and a very spacious wing was left free to the settlement of a colony of ghosts, which, according to the report of the peasantry and the domestics, very soon took possession, and retained it most pertinaciously, notwithstanding the pious incantations of the neighbouring vicar, the Reverend Mr Portpipe, who often passed the night in one of the dreaded apartments over a blazing fire with the same invariable exorcising apparatus of a large venison pasty, a little Prayer-book, and three bottles of Madeira: for the reverend gentleman sagaciously observed, that as he had always found the latter an infallible charm against blue devils, he had no doubt of its proving equally efficacious against black, white, and gray. In this opinion experience seemed to confirm him;

for though he always maintained a becoming silence as to the mysteries of which he was a witness during his spectral vigils, yet a very correct inference might be drawn from the fact, that he was always found in the morning comfortably asleep in his large arm-chair, with the dish scraped clean, the three bottles empty, and the Prayer-book clasped and folded precisely in the same state and place in which it had lain the preceding night.

But the larger and more commodious part of the castle continued still to be inhabited; and while one half of the edifice was fast improving into a picturesque ruin, the other was as rapidly degenerating, in its interior at least, into a comfortable modern dwelling.

In this romantic seclusion Anthelia was born. Her mother died in giving her birth. Her father, Sir Henry Melincourt, a man of great acquirements, and of a retired disposition, devoted himself in solitude to the cultivation of his daughter's understanding; for he was one of those who maintained the heretical notion that women are, or at least may be, rational beings; though, from the great pains usually taken in what is called education to make them otherwise, there are unfortunately very few examples to warrant the truth of the theory.

The majestic forms and wild energies of Nature that surrounded her from her infancy, impressed their character on her mind, communicating to it

all their own wildness, and more than their own beauty. Far removed from the pageantry of courts and cities, her infant attention was awakened to spectacles more interesting and more impressive: the misty mountain-top, the ash-fringed precipice, the gleaming cataract, the deep and shadowy glen, and the fantastic magnificence of the mountain clouds. The murmur of the woods, the rush of the winds, and the tumultuous dashing of the torrents, were the first music of her childhood. A fearless wanderer among these romantic solitudes, the spirit of mountain liberty diffused itself through the whole tenor of her feelings, modelled the symmetry of her form, and illumined the expressive but feminine brilliancy of her features: and when she had attained the age at which the mind expands itself to the fascinations of poetry, the muses of Italy* became the chosen companions of her wanderings, and nourished a naturally susceptible imagination by conjuring up the splendid visions of chivalry and enchantment in scenes so congenial to their development.

It was seldom that the presence of a visitor dispelled the solitude of Melincourt; and the few specimens of the living world with whom its inmates held occasional intercourse, were of the usual char-

* Anthelia has been variously stated to have been an idealisation of Peacock's first love and of the Welsh nymph whom he afterwards married. The combination of mountain liberty with Italian poetry suggests that she was intended to unite the characteristics of both.—G.

acter of country acquaintance, not calculated to leave behind them any very lively regret, except for the loss of time during the period of their stay. One of these was the Reverend Mr Portpipe, whom we have already celebrated for his proficiency in the art of exorcising goblins by dint of venison and Madeira. His business in the ghost line had, indeed, declined with the progress of the human understanding, and no part of his vocation was in very high favour with Sir Henry, who, though an unexceptionable moral character, was unhappily not one of the children of grace, in the theological sense of the word: but the vicar, adopting St Paul's precept of being all things to all men, found it on this occasion his interest to be liberal; and observing that no man could coerce his opinions, repeated with great complacency the line of Virgil:

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur;

though he took especial care that his heterodox concession should not reach the ears of his bishop, who would infallibly have unfrocked him for promulgating a doctrine so subversive of the main pillar of all orthodox establishments.

When Anthelia had attained her sixteenth year, her father deemed it necessary to introduce her to that human world of which she had hitherto seen so little, and for this purpose took a journey to London, where he was received by the surviving portion of his old acquaintance as a ghost returned

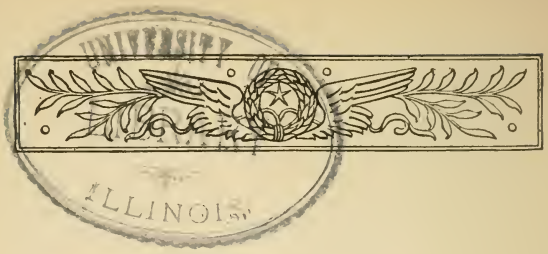
from Acheron. The impression which the gay scenes of the metropolis made on the mind of Anthelia—to what illustrious characters she was introduced—"and all she thought of all she saw," —it would be foreign to our present purpose to detail; suffice it to say, that from this period Sir Henry regularly passed the winter in London and the summer in Westmoreland, till his daughter attained the age of twenty, about which period he died.

Anthelia passed twelve months from this time in total seclusion at Melincourt, notwithstanding many pressing invitations from various match-making dowagers in London, who were solicitous to dispose of her according to their views of her advantage; in which how far their own was lost sight of, it may not be difficult to determine.

Among the numerous lovers who had hitherto sighed at her shrine, not one had succeeded in making the slightest impression on her heart; and during the twelve months of seclusion which elapsed from the death of her father to the commencement of this authentic history, they had all completely vanished from the tablet of her memory. Her knowledge of love was altogether theoretical; and her theory, being formed by the study of Italian poetry in the bosom of mountain solitude, naturally and necessarily pointed to a visionary model of excellence which it was very little likely the modern world could realise.

The dowagers at length despairing of drawing

her from her retirement, respectively came to various resolutions for the accomplishment of their ends; some resolving to go in person to Melincourt, and exert all their powers of oratory to mould her to their wishes, and others instigating their several *protégés* to set boldly forward in search of fortune, and lay siege to the castle and its mistress together.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CHAPTER II.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

IT was late in the afternoon of an autumnal day, when the elegant post-chariot of the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, a lady of high renown in the annals of match-making, turned the corner of a stupendous precipice in the narrow pass which formed the only access to the valley of Melincourt. This honourable lady was accompanied by her only daughter Miss Danaretta Contantina; which names, by-the-bye, appear to be female diminutives of the Italian words *danaro contante*, signifying *ready money*, and genteelly hinting to all fashionable Strephons, the only terms on which the *commodity* so denominated would be disposed of, according to the universal practice of this liberal and enlightened generation, in that most commercial of all bargains, marriage.

The ivied battlements and frowning towers of Melincourt Castle, as they burst at once upon the sight, very much astonished the elder and delighted the younger lady; for the latter had cultivated a great deal of theoretical romance—in taste, not in

feeling—an important distinction—which enabled her to be most liberally sentimental in words, without at all influencing her actions; to talk of heroic affection and self-sacrificing enthusiasm, without incurring the least danger of forming a disinterested attachment, or of erring in any way whatever on the score of practical generosity. Indeed, in all respects of practice the young lady was the true counterpart of her mother, though they sometimes differed a little in the forms of sentiment: thus, for instance, when any of their dear friends happened to go, as it is called, down hill in the world, the old lady was generally very severe on their *imprudence*, and the young lady very pathetic on their *misfortune:* but as to holding any further intercourse with, or rendering any species of assistance to, any dear friend so circumstanced, neither the one nor the other was ever suspected of conduct so very unfashionable. In the main point, therefore, of both their lives, that of making a *good match* for Miss Danaretta, their views perfectly coincided; and though Miss Danaretta, in her speculative conversations on this subject, among her female acquaintance, talked as young ladies always talk, and laid down very precisely *the only kind of man she would ever think of marrying*, endowing him, of course, with all the virtues in our good friend Hookham's Library; yet it was very well understood, as it usually is on similar occasions, that no other proof of the possession of the aforesaid virtues would be required from any in-

dividual, who might present himself in the character of *Corydon sospiroso*, than a satisfactory certificate from the old lady in Threadneedle Street, that the bearer was a *good man*, and could be proved so in the *Alley*.

Such were the amiable specimens of worldly wisdom and affected romance, that prepared to invade the retirement of the mountain-enthusiast, the really romantic unworldly Anthelia.

"What a strange-looking old place!" said Mrs Pinmoney: "it seems like anything but the dwelling of a young heiress. I am afraid the rascally postboys have joined in a plot against us, and intend to deliver us to a gang of thieves!"

"Banditti, you should say, mamma," said Miss Danaretta: "thieves is an odious word."

"Pooh, child!" said Mrs Pinmoney. "The reality is odious enough, let the word be what it will. Is not a rogue a rogue, call him by what name you may?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Miss Danaretta; "for in that case a poor rogue without a title, would not be more a rogue than a rich rogue with one; but that he is so in a most infinite proportion, the whole experience of the world demonstrates."

"True," said the old lady; "and as our reverend friend Dr Bosky observes, to maintain the contrary would be to sanction a principle utterly subversive of all social order and aristocratical privilege."

The carriage now rolled over the narrow ledge

which connected the site of the castle with the neighbouring rocks. A furious peal at the outer bell brought forth a venerable porter, who opened the gates with becoming gravity, and the carriage entered a spacious court, of much more recent architecture than the exterior of the castle, and built in a style of modern Gothic, that seemed to form a happy medium between the days of feudality, commonly called the dark ages, and the nineteenth century, commonly called the enlightened age: *why* I could never discover.

The inner gates were opened by another grave and venerable domestic, who with all the imperturbable decorum and formality of the old school, assisted the ladies to alight, and ushered them along an elegant colonnade into the library, which we shall describe no further than by saying, that the apartment was Gothic, and the furniture Grecian: whether this be an unpardonable incongruity calculated to disarrange all legitimate associations, or a judicious combination of solemnity and elegance, most happily adapted to the purposes of study, we must leave to the decision, or rather discussion, of picturesque and antiquarian disputants.

The windows, which were of stained glass, were partly open to a shrubbery, which admitting the meditative mind into the recesses of nature, and excluding all view of distant scenes, heightened the deep seclusion and repose of the apartment. It consisted principally of evergreens; but the parting

beauty of the last flowers of autumn, and the lighter and now fading tints of a few deciduous shrubs, mingled with the imperishable verdure of the cedar and the laurel.

The old domestic went in search of his young mistress, and the ladies threw themselves on a sofa in graceful attitudes. They were shortly joined by Anthelia, who welcomed them to Melincourt with all the politeness which the necessity of the case imposed.

The change of dress, the dinner, the dessert, seasoned with the *newest news* of the fashionable world, which the visitors thought must be of all things the most delightful to the mountain recluse, filled up a portion of the evening. When they returned from the dining-room to the library, the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and the tea and coffee urns bubbling on the table, and sending up their steamy columns: an old fashion to be sure, and sufficiently rustic, for which we apologise in due form to the reader, who prefers his tea and coffee brought in cool by the butler in little cups on a silver salver, and handed round to the simpering company till it is as cold as an Iceland spring. There is no disputing about taste, and the taste of Melincourt Castle on this subject had been always very poetically unfashionable; for the tea would have satisfied Johnson, and the coffee enchanted Voltaire.

"I must confess, my dear," said the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, "there is a great deal of

comfort in your way of living, that is, there would be, in good company; but you are so solitary ——"

"Here is the best of company," said Anthelia, smiling, and pointing to the shelves of the library.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Very true: books are very good things in their way; but an hour or two at most is quite enough of them for me: more can serve no purpose but to muddle one's head. If I were to live such a life for a week as you have done for the last twelve months, I should have more company than I like, in the shape of a whole legion of blue devils.

Miss Danaretta.—Nay, I think there is something delightfully romantic in Anthelia's mode of life; but I confess I should like now and then, peeping through the ivy of the battlements, to observe a *preux chevalier* exerting all his eloquence to persuade the inflexible porter to open the castle gates, and allow him one opportunity of throwing himself at the feet of the divine lady of the castle, for whom he had been seven years dying a lingering death.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—And growing fatter all the while.—Heaven defend me from such hypocritical fops! Seven years indeed! It did not take as many weeks to bring me and poor dear dead Mr Pinmoney together.

Anthelia.—I should have been afraid that so short an acquaintance would scarcely have been

sufficient to acquire that mutual knowledge of each other's tastes, feelings, and character, which I should think the only sure basis of matrimonial happiness.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Tastes, feelings, and character! Why, my love, you really do seem to believe yourself in the age of chivalry, when those words certainly signified very essential differences. But now the matter is, very happily, simplified. Tastes:—they depend on the fashion. There is always a fashionable taste: a taste for driving the mail—a taste for acting Hamlet—a taste for philosophical lectures—a taste for the marvellous—a taste for the simple—a taste for the brilliant—a taste for the sombre—a taste for the tender—a taste for the grim—a taste for banditti—a taste for ghosts—a taste for the devil—a taste for French dancers and Italian singers, and German whiskers and tragedies—a taste for enjoying the country in November, and wintering in London till the end of the dog-days—a taste for making shoes—a taste for picturesque tours—a taste for taste itself, or for essays on taste:—but no gentleman would be so rash as have a taste of his own, or his last winter's taste, or any taste, my love, but the fashionable taste. Poor dear Mr Pinmoney was reckoned a man of exquisite taste among all his acquaintance; for the new taste, let it be what it would, always fitted him as well as his new coat, and he was the very pink and mirror of fashion, as much in the one as the other.—So much for tastes, my dear.

Anthelia.—I am afraid I shall always be a very unfashionable creature; for I do not think I should have sympathised with any one of the tastes you have just enumerated.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—You are so contumacious, such a romantic heretic from the orthodox supremacy of fashion. Now, as for feelings, my dear, you know there are no such things in the fashionable world; therefore that difficulty vanishes even more easily than the first.

Anthelia.—I am sorry for it.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Sorry!—Feelings are very troublesome things, and always stand in the way of a person's own interests. Then, as to character, a gentleman's character is usually in the keeping of his banker, or his agent, or his steward, or his solicitor; and if they can certify and demonstrate that he has the means of keeping a handsome equipage, and a town and country house, and of giving routs and dinners, and of making a good settlement on the happy object of his choice—what more of any gentleman's character would you desire to know?

Anthelia.—A great deal more. I would require him to be free in all his thoughts, true in all his words, generous in all his actions—ardent in friendship, enthusiastic in love, disinterested in both—prompt in the conception, and constant in the execution, of benevolent enterprise—the friend of the friendless, the champion of the feeble, the firm opponent of the powerful oppressor—not to

be enervated by luxury, nor corrupted by avarice, nor intimidated by tyranny, nor enthralled by superstition—more desirous to distribute wealth than to possess it, to disseminate liberty than to appropriate power, to cheer the heart of sorrow than to dazzle the eyes of folly.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—And do you really expect to find such a knight-errant? The age of chivalry is gone.

Anthelia.—It is, but its spirit survives. Disinterested benevolence, the mainspring of all that is really admirable in the days of chivalry, will never perish for want of some minds calculated to feel its influence, still less for want of a proper field of exertion. To protect the feeble, to raise the fallen—to liberate the captive—to be the persevering foe of tyrants (whether the great tyrant of an overwhelming empire, the petty tyrant of the fields, or the "little tyrant of a little corporation"),* it is not necessary to wind the bugle before enchanted castles, or to seek adventures in the depths of mountain caverns and forests of pine: there is no scene of human life but presents sufficient scope to energetic generosity: the field of action, though less splendid in its accompaniments, is not less useful in its results, nor less attractive to a liberal spirit: and I believe it is possible to find as true a knight-errant in a brown coat in the nineteenth century, as in a suit of golden armour in the days of Charlemagne.

* Junius.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Well ! well ! my dear, when you have seen a little more of the world, you will get rid of some of your chivalrous whimsies ; and I think you will then agree with me, that there is not, in the whole sphere of fashion, a more elegant, fine-spirited, dashing, generous fellow than my nephew Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who, by-the-by, will be driving his barouche this way shortly, and if you do not absolutely forbid it, will call on me in his route.

These words seemed to portend that the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney's visit would be a visitation, and at the same time threw a clear light on its motive; but they gave birth in the mind of Anthelia to a train of ideas which concluded in a somewhat singular determination.

CHAPTER III.

HYPOCON HOUSE.

ANTHELIA had received intimations from various quarters, of similar intentions on the part of various individuals, not less valuable than Sir Telegraph Paxarett in the scale of moral utility; and though there was not one among them for whom she felt the slightest interest, she thought it would be too uncourteous in a pupil of chivalry, and too inhospitable in the mistress of an old English castle, to bar her gates against them. At the same time she felt the want of a lord seneschal to receive and entertain visitors so little congenial to her habits and inclinations: and it immediately occurred to her that no one would be more fit for this honourable office, if he could be prevailed on to undertake it, than an old relation — a medium, as it were, between cousin and great uncle; who had occasionally passed a week or a month with her father at Melincourt. The name of this old gentleman was Hippy — Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, of Hypocon House, in the county of Durham.

He was a bachelor, and his character exhibited a singular compound of kind-heartedness, spleen, and melancholy, which governed him by turns, and sometimes in such rapid succession that they seemed almost co-existent. To him Anthelia determined on sending an express, with a letter entreating him to take on himself, for a short time, the superintendence of Melincourt Castle, and giving as briefly as possible her reasons for the request. In pursuance of this determination, old Peter Gray, a favourite domestic of Sir Henry, and, I believe, a distant relation of little Lucy,* was despatched the following morning to Hypocon House, where the gate was opened to him by old Harry Fell, a distant relation of little Alice, who, as the reader well knows, "belonged to Durham." Old Harry had become, by long habit, a curious species of animated mirror, and reflected all the humours of his master with wonderful nicety. When Mr Hippy was in a rage, old Harry looked fierce: when Mr Hippy was in a good humour, old Harry was the picture of human kindness: when Mr Hippy was blue-devilled, old Harry was vapourish: when Mr Hippy was as melancholy as a gib-cat, old Harry was as dismal as a screech-owl. The latter happened to be the case when old Peter presented himself at the gate, and old Harry accordingly opened it with a most rueful elongation of visage. Peter Gray was ready with

* For Lucy Gray and Alice Fell, see Mr Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

a warm salutation for his old acquaintance Harry Fell; but the lamentable cast of expression in the physiognomy of the latter froze it on his lips, and he contented himself with asking in a hesitating tone, "Is Mr Hippy at home?"

"He is," slowly and sadly articulated Harry Fell, shaking his head.

"I have a letter for him," said Peter Gray.

"Ah!" said Harry Fell, taking the letter, and stalking off with it as solemnly as if he had been following a funeral.

"A pleasant reception," thought Peter Gray, "instead of the old ale and cold sirloin I dreamed of."

Old Harry tapped three times at the door of his master's chamber, observing the same interval between each tap as is usual between the sounds of a muffled drum: then, after a due pause, he entered the apartment. Mr Hippy was in his night-gown and slippers, with one leg on a cushion, suffering under an imaginary attack of the gout, and in the last stage of despondency. Old Harry walked forward in the same slow pace till he found himself at the proper distance from his master's chair. Then putting forth his hand as deliberately as if it had been the hour-hand of the kitchen-clock, he presented the letter. Mr Hippy took it in the same manner, sunk back in his chair as if exhausted with the effort, and cast his eyes languidly on the seal. Immediately his eyes brightened, he tore open the letter, read it in an

instant, sprang up, flung his night-gown one way, his night-cap another, kicked off his slippers, kicked away his cushion, kicked over his chair, and bounced downstairs, roaring for his coat and boots, and his travelling chariot, with old Harry capering at his heels, and re-echoing all his requisitions. Harry Fell was now a new man: Peter Gray was seized by the hand and dragged into the buttery, where a cold goose and a flagon of ale were placed before him, to which he immediately proceeded to do ample justice; while old Harry rushed off with a cold fowl and ham for the refection of Mr Hippy, who had been too seriously indisposed in the morning to touch a morsel of breakfast. Having placed these and a bottle of Madeira in due form and order before his master, he flew back to the buttery, to assist old Peter in the demolition of the goose and ale, his own appetite in the morning having sympathized with his master's, and being now equally disposed to make up for lost time.

Mr Hippy's travelling chariot was rattled up to the door by four high-mettled posters from the nearest inn. Mr Hippy sprang into the carriage, old Harry vaulted into the dicky, the postilions cracked their whips, and away they went,

> Over the hills and the plains,
> Over the rivers and rocks,

leaving old Peter gaping after them at the gate, in profound astonishment at their sudden metamorphosis, and in utter despair of being able, by any

exertions of his own, to be their forerunner and announcer at Melincourt. Considering, therefore, that when the necessity of being too late is inevitable, hurry is manifestly superfluous, he mounted his galloway with great gravity and deliberation, and trotted slowly off towards the mountains, philosophizing all the way in the usual poetical style of a Cumberland peasant. Our readers will of course feel much obliged to us for not presenting them with his meditations. But instead of jogging back with old Peter Gray, or travelling post with Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, we shall avail ourselves of the four-in-hand barouche which is just coming in view, to take a seat on the box by the side of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and proceed in his company to Melincourt.

CHAPTER IV.

REDROSE ABBEY.

SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT had entered the precincts of the mountains of Westmoreland, and was bowling his barouche along a romantic valley, looking out very anxiously for an inn, as he had now driven his regular diurnal allowance of miles, and was becoming very impatient for his equally regular diurnal allowance of fish, fowl, and Madeira. A wreath of smoke ascending from a thick tuft of trees at a distance, and in a straight direction before him, cheered up his spirits, and induced him to cheer up those of his horses with two or three of those technical terms of the road, which we presume to have formed part of the genuine language of the ancient Houhynnhmns, since they seem not only much better adapted to equine than human organs of sound, but are certainly much more generally intelligible to four-footed than to two-footed animals. Sir Telegraph was doomed to a temporary disappointment; for when he had attained the desired point, the smoke proved to

issue from the chimneys of an ancient abbey which appeared to have been recently converted from a pile of ruins into the habitation of some variety of the human species, with very singular veneration for the relics of antiquity, which, in their exterior aspect, had suffered little from the alteration. There was something so analogous between the state of this building and what he had heard of Melincourt, that if it had not been impossible to mistake an abbey for a castle, he might almost have fancied himself arrived at the dwelling of the divine Anthelia. Under a detached piece of ruins near the road, which appeared to have been part of a chapel, several workmen were busily breaking the ground with spade and pickaxe: a gentleman was superintending their operations, and seemed very eager to arrive at the object of his search. Sir Telegraph stopped his barouche to inquire the distance to the nearest inn: the gentleman replied, "Six miles." "That is just five miles and a half too far," said Sir Telegraph, and was proceeding to drive on, when, on turning round to make his parting bow to the stranger, he suddenly recognized him for an old acquaintance and fellow-collegian.

"Sylvan Forester!" exclaimed Sir Telegraph; "who should have dreamed of meeting you in this uncivilized part of the world?"

"I am afraid," said Mr Forester, "this part of the world does not deserve the compliment implied in the epithet you have bestowed on it. Within no very great distance from this spot are divers

towns, villages, and hamlets, in any one of which, if you have money, you may make pretty sure of being cheated, and if you have none, quite sure of being starved — strong evidences of a state of civilization."

"Aha?" said Sir Telegraph, "your old way, now I recollect—always fond of railing at civilized life, and holding forth in praise of savages and what you called original men. But what, in truth, make you in Westmoreland?"

"I have purchased this old abbey," said Mr Forester "(anciently called the abbey of Rednose, which I have altered to Redrose, as being more analogous to my notions of beauty, whatever the reverend Fellows of our old college might have thought of it), and have fitted it up for my habitation, with the view of carrying on in peace and seclusion some peculiar experiments on the nature and progress of man. Will you dine with me, and pass the night here? and I will introduce you to an original character."

"With all my heart," said Sir Telegraph; "I can assure you, independently of the pleasure of meeting an old acquaintance, it is a great comfort to dine in a gentleman's house, after living from inn to inn, and being poisoned with bad wine for a month."

Sir Telegraph descended from his box, and directed one of his grooms to open the carriage-door and emancipate the coachman, who was fast asleep inside. Sir Telegraph gave him the reins,

and Mr Forester sent one of his workmen to show him the way to the stables.

"And pray," said Sir Telegraph, as the barouche disappeared among the trees, "what may be the object of your researches in this spot?"

"You know," said Mr Forester, "it is a part of my tenets that the human species is gradually decreasing in size and strength, and I am digging in the old cemetery for bones and skulls to establish the truth of my theory."

"Have you found any?" said Sir Telegraph.

"Many," said Mr Forester. "About three weeks ago we dug up a very fine skeleton, no doubt of some venerable father, who must have been, in more senses than one, a pillar of the Church. I have had the skull polished and set in silver. You shall drink your wine out of it, if you please, to-day."

"I thank you," said Sir Telegraph, "but I am not particular: a glass will suit me as well as the best skull in Europe. Besides, I am a moderate man: one bottle of Madeira and another of claret are enough for me at any time; so that the quantity of wine a reverend sconce can carry would be just treble my usual allowance."

They walked together towards the abbey. Sir Telegraph earnestly requested, that, before they entered, he might be favoured with a peep at the stable. Mr Forester of course complied. Sir Telegraph found this important part of the buildings capacious and well adapted to its purpose,

but did not altogether approve its being totally masked by an old ivied wall, which had served in former times to prevent the braw and bonny Scot from making too free with the beeves of the pious fraternity.

The new dwelling-house was so well planned, and fitted in so well between the ancient walls, that very few vestiges of the modern architect were discernible; and it was obvious that the growth of the ivy, and of numerous trailing and twining plants, would soon overrun all vestiges of the innovation, and blend the whole exterior into one venerable character of antiquity.

"I do not think," said Mr Forester, as they proceeded through part of the grounds, "that the most determined zealot of the picturesque would quarrel with me here. I found the woods around the abbey matured by time and neglect into a fine state of wildness and intricacy, and I think I have left enough of them to gratify their most ardent admirer."

"Quite enough, in all conscience," said Sir Telegraph, who was in white jean trousers, with very thin silk stockings and pumps. "I do not generally calculate on being, as an old song I have somewhere heard expresses it,

> Forced to scramble,
> When I ramble,
> Through a copse of furze and bramble;

which would be all very pleasant perhaps, if the fine effect of picturesque roughness were not un-

fortunately, as Macbeth says of his dagger, 'sensible to feeling as to sight.' But who is that gentleman, sitting under the great oak yonder in the green coat and nankins? He seems very thoughtful."

"He is of a contemplative disposition," said Mr Forester: "you must not be surprised if he should not speak a word during the whole time you are here. The politeness of his manner makes amends for his habitual taciturnity. I will introduce you."

The gentleman under the oak had by this time discovered them, and came forward with great alacrity to meet Mr Forester, who cordially shook hands with him, and introduced him to Sir Telegraph as Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet.

Sir Telegraph looked earnestly at the stranger, but was too polite to laugh, though he could not help thinking there was something very ludicrous in Sir Oran's physiognomy, notwithstanding the air of high fashion which characterised his whole deportment, and which was heightened by a pair of enormous whiskers, and the folds of a vast cravat. He therefore bowed to Sir Oran with becoming gravity, and Sir Oran returned the bow with very striking politeness.

"Possibly," thought Sir Telegraph, "possibly I may have seen an uglier fellow."

The trio entered the abbey, and shortly after sat down to dinner.

Mr Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton took the head and foot of the table. Sir Telegraph sat

between them. "Some soup, Sir Telegraph?" said Mr Forester. "I rather think," said Sir Telegraph, "I shall trouble Sir Oran for a slice of fish." Sir Oran helped him with great dexterity, and then performed the same office for himself. "I think you will like this Madeira?" said Mr Forester. "Capital!" said Sir Telegraph: "Sir Oran, shall I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" Sir Oran Haut-ton bowed gracefully to Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and the glasses were tossed off with the usual ceremonies. Sir Oran preserved an inflexible silence during the whole duration of dinner, but showed great proficiency in the dissection of game.

When the cloth was removed, the wine circulated freely, and Sir Telegraph, as usual, filled a numerous succession of glasses. Mr Forester, not as usual, did the same; for he was generally very abstemious in this respect: but, on the present occasion, he relaxed from his severity, quoting the *Placari genius festis impune diebus*, and the *Dulce est desipere in loco*, of Horace. Sir Oran likewise approved, by his practice, that he thought the wine particularly excellent, and *Beviamo tutti tre* appeared to be the motto of the party. Mr Forester inquired into the motives which had brought Sir Telegraph to Westmoreland; and Sir Telegraph entered into a rapturous encomium of the heiress of Melincourt which was suddenly cut short by Sir Oran, who having taken a glass too much, rose suddenly from table, took a flying leap through the

window, and went dancing along the woods like a harlequin.

"Upon my word," said Sir Telegraph, "a devilish lively, pleasant fellow! Curse me, if I know what to make of him."

"I will tell you his history," said Mr Forester, "by-and-bye. In the meantime I must look after him, that he may neither do nor receive mischief. Pray take care of yourself till I return." Saying this, he sprang through the window after Sir Oran, and disappeared by the same track among the trees.

"Curious enough!" soliloquized Sir Telegraph; "however, not much to complain of, as the best part of the company is left behind: videlicet, the bottle."

CHAPTER V.

SUGAR.

SIR TELEGRAPH was tossing off the last heeltap of his regular diurnal allowance of wine, when Mr Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton re-appeared, walking past the window arm in arm; Sir Oran's mode of progression being very vacillating, indirect, and titubant; enough so, at least, to show that he had not completely danced off the effects of the Madeira. Mr Forester shortly after entered; and Sir Telegraph inquiring concerning Sir Oran, "I have persuaded him to go to bed," said Mr Forester, "and I doubt not he is already fast asleep." A servant now entered with tea. Sir Telegraph proceeded to help himself, when he perceived there was no sugar, and reminded his host of the omission.

Mr Forester.—If I had anticipated the honour of your company, Sir Telegraph, I would have provided myself with a small quantity of that nefarious ingredient: but in this solitary situation, these things are not to be had at a moment's notice. As it is, seeing little company, and regu-

lating my domestic arrangements on philosophical principles, I never suffer an atom of West Indian produce to pass my threshold. I have no wish to resemble those pseudo-philanthropists, those miserable declaimers against slavery, who are very liberal of words which cost them nothing, but are not capable of advancing the object they profess to have at heart, by submitting to the smallest personal privation. If I wish seriously to exterminate an evil, I begin by examining how far I am myself, in any way whatever, an accomplice in the extension of its baleful influence. My reform commences at home. How can I unblushingly declaim against thieves, while I am a receiver of stolen goods? How can I seriously call myself an enemy to slavery, while I indulge in the luxuries that slavery acquires? How can the consumer of sugar pretend to throw on the grower of it the exclusive burden of their participated criminality? How can he wash his hands, and say with Pilate: "*I am innocent of this blood, see ye to it*"?

Sir Telegraph poured some cream into his unsweetened tea, drank it, and said nothing. Mr Forester proceeded:

If every individual in this kingdom, who is truly and conscientiously an enemy to the slave-trade, would subject himself to so very trivial a privation as abstinence from colonial produce, I consider that a mortal blow would be immediately struck at the roots of that iniquitous system.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett. — If every individual

enemy to the slave-trade would follow your example, the object would no doubt be much advanced; but the practice of one individual more or less, has little or no influence on general society: most of us go on with the tide, and the dread of the single word *quiz* has more influence in keeping the greater part of us within the pale of custom, fashion, and precedent, than all the moral reasonings and declamations in the world will ever have in persuading us to break through it. As to the diffusion of liberty, and the general happiness of mankind, which used to be your favourite topics when we were at college together, I should have thought your subsequent experience would have shown you that there is not one person in ten thousand who knows what liberty means, or cares a single straw for any happiness but his own——

Mr Forester.—Which his own miserable selfishness must estrange from him for ever. He whose heart has never glowed with a generous resolution, who has never felt the conscious triumph of a disinterested sacrifice, who has never sympathized with human joys or sorrows, but when they have had a direct and palpable reference to himself, can never be acquainted with even the semblance of happiness. His utmost enjoyment must be many degrees inferior to that of a pig, inasmuch as the sordid mire of selfish and brutal stupidity is more defiling to the soul, than any coacervation of mere material mud can possibly be to the body. The latter may be cleared away with two or three

ablutions, but the former cleaves and accumulates into a mass of impenetrable corruption, that bids defiance to the united powers of Hercules and Alpheus.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Be that as it may, every man will continue to follow his own fancy. The world is bad enough, I dare say; but it is not for you or me to mend it.

Mr Forester.—There is the key-stone of the evil — mistrust of the influence of individual example. "We are bad ourselves, because we despair of the goodness of others."* Yet the history of the world abounds with sudden and extraordinary revolutions in the opinions of mankind, which have been effected by single enthusiasts.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Speculative opinions have been sometimes changed by the efforts of roaring fanatics. Men have been found very easily permutable into *ites* and *onians*, *avians*, and *arians*, Wesleyites or Whitfieldites, Huntingdonians or Muggletonians, Moravians, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Anythingarians: but the metamorphosis only affects a few obscure notions concerning types, symbols, and mysteries, which have scarcely any effect on moral theory, and of course, *à fortiori*, none whatever on moral practice: the latter is for the most part governed by the general habits and manners of the society we live in. One man may twang responses in concert with the parish clerk; another may sit silent in a

* Coleridge's "Friend."

Quaker's meeting, waiting for the inspiration of the Spirit; a third may groan and howl in a tabernacle; a fourth may breakfast, dine, and sup in a Sandemanian chapel: but meet any of the four in the common intercourse of society, you will scarcely know one from another. The single adage, *Charity begins at home*, will furnish a complete key to the souls of all four: for I have found, as far as my observation has extended, that men carry their religion* in other men's heads, and their morality in their own pockets.

* "There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many peddling accounts, that, of all mysteries, he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain would he have the name to be religious: fain would he bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole management of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody, and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say, his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is

Mr Forester.—I think it will be found that individual example has in many instances produced great moral effects on the practice of society. Even if it were otherwise, is it not better to be Abdiel among the fiends, than to be lost and confounded in the legion of imps grovelling in the train of the evil power?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—There is something in that.

Mr Forester.—To borrow an allegory from Homer: I would say society is composed of two urns, one of good, and one of evil. I will suppose, that every individual of the human species receives from his natal genius a little phial, containing one drop of a fluid, which shall be evil, if poured into the urn of evil, and good if into that of good. If you were proceeding to the station of the urns with ten thousand persons, every one of them predetermined to empty his phial into the urn of evil, which I fear is too true a picture of the practice of society, should you consider their example, if you were hemmed in in the centre of them, a sufficient excuse for not breaking from them, and approaching the neglected urn? Would you say, "The urn of good will derive little increase from my

liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his religion." —MILTON'S *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

solitary drop, and one more less will make very little difference in the urn of ill: I will spare myself trouble, do as the world does, and let the urn of good take its chance, from those who can approach it with less difficulty"? No: you would rather say, "That neglected urn contains the hopes of the human species: little, indeed, is the addition I can make to it, but it will be good as far as it goes;" and if, on approaching the urn, you should find it not so empty as you had anticipated, if the genius appointed to guard it should say to you, "There is enough in this urn already to allow a reasonable expectation that it will one day be full, and yet it has only accumulated drop by drop through the efforts of individuals, who broke through the pale and pressure of the multitude, and did not despair of human virtue;" would you not feel ten thousand times repaid for the difficulties you had overcome, and the scoffs of the fools and slaves you had abandoned, by the single reflection that would then rush upon your mind, *I am one of these?*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Gad, very likely: I never considered the subject in that light. You have made no allowance for the mixture of good and evil, which I think the fairest state of the case. It seems to me, that the world always goes on pretty much in one way. People eat, drink, and sleep, make merry with their friends, get as much money as they can, marry when they can afford it, take care of their children because they are their

own, are thought well of while they live in proportion to the depth of their purse, and when they die, are sure of as good a character on their tombstones as the bellman and stonemason can afford for their money.

Mr Forester.—Such is the multitude; but there are noble exceptions to this general littleness.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Now and then an original genius strikes out of the common track; but there are two ways of doing that—into a worse as well as a better.

Mr Forester.—There are some assuredly, who strike into a better, and these are the ornaments of their age, and the lights of the world. You must admit too, that there are many, who, though without energy or capacity to lead, have yet virtue enough to follow an illustrious example.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—One or two.

Mr Forester.—In every mode of human action there are two ways to be pursued—a good and a bad one. It is the duty of every man to ascertain the former, as clearly as his capacity will admit, by an accurate examination of general relations; and to act upon it rigidly, without regard to his own previous habits, or the common practice of the world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—And you infer from all this, that it is my duty to drink my tea without sugar.

Mr Forester.—I infer, that it is the duty of every one, thoroughly penetrated with the iniquity of the

slave-trade, to abstain entirely from the use of colonial produce.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I may do that, without any great effort of virtue. I find the difference in this instance, more trivial than I could have supposed. In fact, I never thought of it before.

Mr Forester.—I hope I shall before long have the pleasure of enrolling you a member of the Anti-saccharine Society, which I have had the happiness to organize, and which is daily extending its numbers. Some of its principal members will shortly pay a visit to Redrose Abbey; and I purpose giving a festival, to which I shall invite all that is respectable and intelligent in this part of the country, and in which I intend to demonstrate practically, that a very elegant and luxurious entertainment may be prepared without employing a single particle of that abominable ingredient, and theoretically, that the use of sugar is economically superfluous, physically pernicious, morally atrocious, and politically abominable.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I shall be happy to join the party, and I may possibly bring with me one or two inside passengers, who will prove both ornamental and attractive to your festival. But you promised me an account of Sir Oran.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

MR FORESTER.—Sir Oran Haut-ton was caught very young in the woods of Angola.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Caught!

Mr Forester.—Very young. He is a specimen of the natural and original man—the wild man of the woods; called in the language of the more civilized and sophisticated natives of Angola, *Pongo*, and in that of the Indians of South America,* *Oran Outang.*

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—The devil he is!

Mr Forester.—Positively. Some presumptuous naturalists have refused his species the honours of humanity; but the most enlightened and illustrious philosophers agree in considering him in his true light as the natural and original man.† One

* Rather in that of the Malays.—G.

† "I think I have established his humanity by proof that ought to satisfy every one who gives credit to human testimony."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 40.

"I have brought myself to a perfect conviction that the oran outang is a human creature as much as any of us."—*Ibid.*

"Nihil humani ei deesse diceres præter loquelam."—BONTIUS.

French philosopher, indeed, has been guilty of an inaccuracy, in considering him as a degenerated

"The fact truly is, that the man is easily distinguishable in him; nor are there any differences betwixt him and us, but what may be accounted for in so satisfactory a manner that it would he extraordinary and unnatural if they were not to be found. His body, which is of the same shape as ours, is bigger and stronger than ours, . . . according to that general law of nature above observed (*that all animals thrive best in their natural state*). His mind is such as that of a man must be, uncultivated by arts and sciences, and living wild in the woods. . . . . One thing, at least, is certain: that if ever men were in that state which I call natural, it must have been in such a country and climate as Africa, where they could live without art upon the natural fruits of the earth. 'Such countries,' Linnæus says, 'are the native country of man; there he lives naturally; in other countries, *non nisi coactè*, that is, by force of art.' If this be so, then the short history of man is, that the race, having begun in those fine climates, and having, as is natural, multiplied there so much that the spontaneous productions of the earth could not support them, they migrated into other countries, where they were obliged to invent arts for their subsistence; and with such arts, language, in process of time, would necessarily come. . . . . That my facts and arguments are so convincing as to leave no doubt of the humanity of the oran outang, I will not take upon me to say; but thus much I will venture to affirm, that I have said enough to make the philosopher consider it as problematical, and a subject deserving to be inquired into. *For, as to the vulgar, I can never expect that they should acknowledge any relation to those inhabitants of the woods of Angola;* but that they should continue, through a false pride, to think highly derogatory from human nature what the philosopher, on the contrary, will think the greatest praise of man, that from the savage state in which the oran outang is, he should, by his

man;* degenerated he cannot be; as his prodigious physical strength, his uninterrupted health, and his amiable simplicity of manners demonstrate. He is, as I have said, a specimen of the natural and original man—a genuine fac-simile of the philosophical Adam.

He was caught by an intelligent negro very young, in the woods of Angola; and his gentleness and sweet temper† winning the hearts of the negro and negress, they brought him up in their cottage as the playfellow of their little boys and girls, where, with the exception of speech, he acquired the practice of such of the simpler arts of life as the degree of civilization in that part of Africa admits. In this way he lived till he was about seventeen years of age——

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—By his own reckoning?

Mr Forester.—By analogical computation. At

own sagacity and industry, have arrived at the state in which we now see him."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 5.

* "L'Oran Outang, ou l'homme des bois, est un être particulier à la zone torride de notre hémisphère: le Pline de la nation qui l'a rangé dans la classe de singes ne me paroît pas conséquent; car il résulte des principaux traits de sa description que c'est un homme dégénère."—*Philosophie de la Nature.*

† "The dispositions and affections of his mind are mild, gentle, and humane."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

"The oran outang whom Buffon himself saw was of a sweet temper."—*Ibid.*

this period, my old friend Captain Hawltaught * of the Tornado frigate, being driven by stress of weather to the coast of Angola, was so much struck with the contemplative cast of Sir Oran's countenance,† that he offered the negro an irresistible bribe to surrender him to his possession. The negro brought him on board, and took an opportunity to leave him slily, but with infinite reluctance and sympathetic grief. When the ship weighed anchor, and Sir Oran found himself separated from the friends of his youth, and surrounded with strange faces, he wept bitterly,‡ and

* Peacock's grandfather, Thomas Love, Master of H.M.S. *Protée*, who lost a leg under Rodney.—G.

† "But though I hold the oran outang to be of our species, it must not be supposed that I think the monkey or ape, with or without a tail, participates of our nature: on the contrary, I maintain that, however much his form may resemble man's, yet he is, as Linnæus says, of the Troglodyte, *nec nostri generis nec sanguinis*. For as the mind, or internal principle, is the chief part of every animal, it is by it principally that the ancients have distinguished the several species. Now it is laid down by Mr Buffon, and I believe it to be a fact that cannot be contested, that neither monkey, ape, nor baboon, have anything mild or gentle, tractable or docile, benevolent or humane in their dispositions; but, on the contrary, are malicious and untractable, to be governed only by force and fear, and without any *gravity or composure in their gait or behaviour, such as the oran outang has.*"—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

‡ "He is capable of the greatest affection, not only to his brother oran outangs, but to such among us as use him kindly. And it is a fact well attested to me by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of it, that an oran outang on board

fell into such deep grief that his life was despaired of.* The surgeon of the ship did what he could for him; and a much better doctor, Time, completed his cure. By degrees a very warm friendship for my friend Captain Hawltaught extinguished his recollection of his negro friends. Three years they cruised together in the Tornado, when a dangerous wound compelled the old captain to renounce his darling element, and lay himself up in ordinary for the rest of his days. He retired on his half-pay and the produce of his prize-money to a little village in the West of England, where he employed himself very assiduously in planting cabbages and watching the changes of the wind. Mr Oran, as he was then called, was his inseparable companion, and became a very expert practical gardener. The old captain used to observe, he could always say he had an honest man in his house, which was more than could be said of many

his ship conceived such an affection for the cook, that when upon some occasion he left the ship to go ashore, the gentleman saw the oran outang shed tears in great abundance."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

* "One of them was taken, and brought with some negro slaves to the capital of the kingdom of Malemba. He was a young one, but six feet and a half tall. Before he came to this city he had been kept some months in company with the negro slaves, and during that time was tame and gentle, and took his victuals very quietly; but when he was brought into the town, such crowds of people came about him to gaze at him, that he could not bear it, but grew sullen, abstained from food, aud died in four or five days."—*Ibid*, book ii. chap. 4.

honourable houses where there was much vapouring about honour.

Mr Oran had long before shown a taste for music, and with some little instruction from a marine officer in the Tornado, had become a proficient on the flute and French horn.* He could never be brought to understand the notes; but, from hearing any simple tune played or sung two or three times, he never failed to perform it with great exactness and brilliancy of execution. I shall merely observe, *en passant*, that music appears, from this and several similar circumstances, to be more natural to man than speech.

* "He has the capacity of being a musician, and has actually learned to play upon the pipe and harp: a fact attested, not by a common traveller, but by a man of science, Mr Peiresc, and who relates it, not as a hearsay, but as a fact consisting with his own knowledge. And this is the more to be attended to, as it shows that the oran outang has a perception of numbers, measure, and melody, which has always been accounted peculiar to our species. But the learning to speak, as well as the learning music, must depend upon particular circumstances; and men living as the oran outangs do, upon the natural fruits of the earth, with few or no arts, are not in a situation that is proper for the invention of language. The oran outangs who played upon the pipe had certainly not invented this art in the woods, but they had learned it from the negroes or the Europeans; and that they had not at the same time learned to speak, may be accounted for in one or other of two ways: either the same pains had not been taken to teach them articulation; or, secondly, music is more natural to man, and more easily acquired than speech."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 5.

The old captain was fond of his bottle of wine after dinner, and his glass of grog at night. Mr Oran was easily brought to sympathise in this taste; * and they have many times sat up together half the night over a flowing bowl, the old captain singing Rule Britannia, True Courage, or Tom Tough, and Sir Oran accompanying him on the French horn.

During a summer tour in Devonshire, I called on my old friend Captain Hawltaught, and was introduced to Mr Oran. You, who have not forgotten my old speculations on the origin and progress of man, may judge of my delight at this happy *rencontre.* I exerted all the eloquence I was master of to persuade Captain Hawltaught to resign him to me, that I might give him a philosophical education.† Finding this point unattainable, I took a house in the neighbourhood, and the intercourse which ensued was equally beneficial and agreeable to all three.

* "Ces animaux," dit M. de la Brosse, "ont l'instinct de s'asseoir à table comme les hommes; ils mangent de tout sans distinction; ils se servent du couteau, de la cuillère, et de la fourchette, pour prendre et couper ce qu'on sert sur l'assiette: *ils boivent du vin et d'autres liqueurs:* nous les portâmes à bord; quand ils étoient à table ils se faisoient entendre des mousses lorsqu'ils avoient besoin de quelque chose."—BUFFON.

† "If I can believe the newspapers, there was an oran outang of the great kind, that was some time ago shipped aboard a French East India ship. I hope he has had a safe voyage to Europe, and that his education will be taken care of."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 40.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—And what part did you take in their nocturnal concerts, with Tom Tough and the French horn?

Mr Forester.—I was seldom present at them, and often remonstrated, but ineffectually, with the captain, on his corrupting the amiable simplicity of the natural man by this pernicious celebration of vinous and spirituous orgies; but the only answer I could ever get from him was a hearty damn against all water-drinkers, accompanied with a reflection that he was sure every enemy to wine and grog must have clapped down the hatches of his conscience on some secret villany, which he feared good liquor would pipe ahoy: and he usually concluded by striking up *Nothing like Grog*, *Saturday Night*, or *Swing the flowing Bowl*, his friend Oran's horn ringing in sympathetic symphony.

The old captain used to say that grog was the elixir of life; but it did not prove so to him; for one night he tossed off his last bumper, sung his last stave, and heard the last flourish of his Oran's horn. I thought poor Oran would have broken his heart; and, had he not been familiarized to me, and conceived a very lively friendship for me before the death of his old friend, I fear the consequences would have been fatal.

Considering that change of scene would divert his melancholy, I took him with me to London. The theatres delighted him, particularly the opera, which not only accorded admirably with his taste

for music, but where, as he looked round on the ornaments of the fashionable world, he seemed to be particularly comfortable, and to feel himself completely at home.

There is, to a stranger, something ludicrous in a first view of his countenance, which led me to introduce him only into the best society, where politeness would act as a preventive to the propensity to laugh; for he has so nice a sense of honour (which I shall observe, by the way, is peculiar to man), that if he were to be treated with any kind of contumely, he would infallibly die of a broken heart, as has been seen in some of his species.* With a view of ensuring him the respect of society which always attends on rank and fortune, I have purchased him a baronetcy, and made over to him an estate. I have also purchased of the Duke of Rottenburgh one half of the elective franchise vested in the body of Mr Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote, who returns two members to Parliament, one of whom will shortly be Sir Oran. (*Sir Telegraph gave a long whistle.*) But before taking this important step, I am desirous that he should *finish his education.* (*Sir Telegraph whistled again.*) I mean to say that I wish, if possible, to put a few words into his mouth, which I have hitherto found impracticable, though I do not entirely despair of ultimate success. But this circumstance, for

* *Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

reasons which I will give you by-and-bye, does not at all militate against the proofs of his being a man.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—If he be but half a man, he will be the fitter representative of half an elector; for as that "large body corporate of one," the free, fat, and dependent burgess of Onevote returns two members to the honourable house, Sir Oran can only be considered as the representative of half of him. But, seriously, is not your principal object an irresistible exposure of the universality and omnipotence of corruption by purchasing for an oran outang one of those seats, the sale of which is unblushingly acknowledged to be *as notorious as the sun at noon-day?* or do you really think him *one of us?*

Mr Forester.—I really think him a variety of the human species; and this is a point which I have it much at heart to establish in the acknowledgment of the civilized world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Buffon, whom I dip into now and then in the winter, ranks him, with Linnæus, in the class of *Simiæ.*

Mr Forester.—Linnæus has given him the curious denominations of *Troglodytes*, *Homo nocturnus*, and *Homo silvestris:* but he evidently thought him a man; he describes him as having a hissing speech, thinking, reasoning, believing that the earth was made for him, and that he will one day be its sovereign.*

* "Homo nocturnus, Troglodytes, Silvestris, orang outang

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—God save King Oran! By-the-by, you put me very much in mind of Valentine and Orson. This wild man of yours will turn out some day to be the son of a king, lost in the woods, and suckled by a lioness:—"No waiter, but a knight templar:"—no Oran, but a true prince.

Mr Forester.—As to Buffon, it is astonishing how that great naturalist could have placed him among the *singes*, when the very words of his description give him all the characteristics of human nature.†

Bontii. Corpus album, incessu erectum. . . . . Loquitur sibilo, cogitat, ratiocinatur, credit sui causâ factam tellurem, se aliquando iterum fore imperantem."—LINNÆUS.

† "Il n'a point de queue: ses bras, ses mains, ses doigts, ses ongles, sont pareils aux nôtres: il marche toujours debout: il a des traits approchans de ceux de l'homme, des oreilles de la même forme, des cheveux sur la tête, de la barbe au menton, et du poil ni plus ni moins que l'homme en a dans l'état de nature. Aussi les habitans de son pays, les Indiens policés, n'ont pas hésité de l'associer à l'espèce humaine, par le nom d'oran outang, *homme sauvage*. Si l'on ne faisoit attention qu'à la figure, on pourroit regarder l'oran outang comme le premier des singes ou le dernier des hommes, parce qu'à l'exception de l'âme, il ne lui manque rien de tout ce que nous avons, et parce qu'il diffère moins de l'homme pour le corps qu'il ne diffère des autres animaux auxquels on a donné le même nom de singe.—S'il y avoit un degré par lequel on pût descendre à la nature humaine à celle des animaux, si l'essence de cette nature consistoit en entier dans la forme du corps et dépendoit de son organisation, l'oran outang se trouveroit plus près de l'homme que d'aucun animal: assis au second rang des êtres, s'il ne pouvoit commander en premier, il feroit au moins sentir aux autres sa supériorité, et s'efforceroit à ne pas obéir: si l'imitation qui semble copier de si près la pensée en étoit le vrai signe ou l'un des résultats, il

It is still more curious to think that modern travellers should have made beasts, under the names of Pongos, Mandrills, and Oran Outangs, of the very same beings whom the ancients worshipped as divinities under the names of Fauns and Satyrs-Silenus and Pan.*

se trouveroit encore à une plus grande distance des animaux et plus voisin de l'homme."—BUFFON.

"On est tout étonné, d'après tous ces aveux, que M. de Buffon ne fasse de l'oran outang qu'une espèce de magot, essentiellement circonscrit dans les bornes de l'animalité : il falloit, ou infirmer les rélations des voyageurs, ou s'en tenir à leurs résultats.—Quand on lit dans ce naturaliste, l'histoire du Nègre blanc, on voit que ce bipède diffère de nous bien plus que l'oran outang, soit par l'organisation, soit par l'intelligence, et cependant on ne balance pas à le mettre dans la classe des hommes."—*Philosophie de la Nature.*

* "Les jugemens précipités, et qui ne sont point le fruit d'une raison éclairée, sont sujets à donner dans l'excès. Nos voyageurs font sans façon des bétes, sous les noms de pongos, de mandrills, d'oran outangs, de ces mêmes êtres, dont, sous le nom de satyres, de faunes, de sylvains, les anciens faisoient des divinités. Peut-être, après des recherches plus exactes, trouvera-t-on que ce sont des hommes."—ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

"Il est presque démontré que les faunes, les satyres, let sylvains, les ægipans, et toute cette foule de demi-dieux difformes et libertins, à qui les filles des Phocion et des Paul Emile s'avisèrent de rendre hommage, ne furent dans l'origine que des oran outangs. Dans la suite, les poëtes chargèrent le portrait de l'homme des bois, en lui donnant des pieds de chèvre, une queue et des cornes ; mais le type primordial resta, et le philosophe l'apperçoit dans les monumens les plus défigurés par l'imagination d'Ovide et le ciseau de Phidias. Les anciens, très embarrassés de trouver la filiation de leurs

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Your Oran rises rapidly in the scale of being:—from a baronet and M.P. to a king of the woods.

Mr Forester.—When I was in London last winter, I became acquainted with a learned mythologist, who has long laboured to rebuild the fallen temple of Jupiter.* I introduced him to Sir Oran, for whom he immediately conceived a high veneration, and would never call him by any name but Pan. His usual salutation to him was in the following words:

> Ελθε, μακαρ, σκιρτητα, φιλενθεος, αντροδιαιτε,
> 'Αρμονιην κοσμοιο κρεκων φιλοπαιγμονι μολπῃ,
> Κοσμοκρατωρ, βακχευτα!†

Which he thus translated:

> King of the world! enthusiast free,
> Who dwell'st in caves of liberty!
> And on thy wild pipe's notes of glee
> Respondent Nature's harmony!
> Leading beneath the spreading tree
> The Bacchanalian revelry!

"This," said he, "is part of the Orphic invocation

sylvains, et de leurs satyres, se tirèrent d'affaire en leur donnant des dieux pour pères: les dieux étoient d'un grand secours aux philosophes des tems reculés, pour résoudre les problèmes d'histoire naturelle; ils leur servoient comme les cycles et les épicycles dans le système planétaire de Ptolomée: avec des cycles et des dieux on répond à tout, quoiqu'on ne satisfasse personne."—*Philosophie de la Nature.*

* This is, no doubt, Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, who called Peacock Greeky Peeky.—G.

† Orphica, Hymn. XI. (X *Gesn.*)

of Pan. It alludes to the happy existence of the dancing Pans, Fauns, Orans, *et id genus omne*, whose dwellings are the caves of rocks and the hollows of trees, such as undoubtedly was, or would have been, the natural mode of life of our friend Pan among the woods of Angola. It alludes, too, to their musical powers, which in our friend Pan it gives me indescribable pleasure to find so happily exemplified. The epithet *Bacchic*, our friend Pan's attachment to the bottle demonstrates to be very appropriate; and the epithet κοσμοκρατωρ, king of the world, points out a striking similarity between the Orphic Pan and the Troglodyte of Linnæus, *who believes that the earth was made for him, and that he will again be its sovereign.*" He laid great stress on the word AGAIN, and observed, if he were to develop all the ideas to which this word gave rise in his mind, he should find ample matter for a volume. Then repeating several times, Παν κοσμοκρατωρ, and *iterum fore telluris imperantem*, he concluded by saying he had known many profound philosophical and mythological systems founded on much slighter analogies.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Your learned mythologist appears to be *non compos*.

Mr Forester.—By no means. He has a system of his own, which only appears in the present day more absurd than other systems, because it has fewer followers. The manner in which the spirit of system twists everything to its own views is truly wonderful. I believe that in every nation of the

earth the system which has most followers will be found the most absurd in the eye of an enlightened philosophy.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—But if your Oran be a man, how is it that his long intercourse with other varieties of the human species has not taught him to speak?

Mr Forester.—Speech is a highly artificial faculty. Civilized man is a highly artificial animal. The change from the wild to the civilized state, affects not only his moral, but his physical nature, and this not rapidly and instantly, but in a long process of generations. The same change is obvious in domestic animals, and in cultivated plants. You know not where to look for the origin of the common dog, or the common fowl. The wild and tame hog, and the wild and tame cat, are marked by more essential differences than the oran and the civilized man. The origin of corn is as much a mystery to us as the source of the Nile was to the ancients. Innumerable flowers have been so changed from their original simplicity, that the act of horticulture may almost lay claim to the magic of a new creation. Is it then wonderful that the civilized man should have acquired some physical faculties which the natural man has not? It is demonstrable that speech is one. I do not, however, despair of seeing him make some progress in this art. Comparative anatomy shows that he has all the organs of articulation. Indeed he has, in every essential parti-

cular, the human form, and the human anatomy. *Now I will only observe that if an animal who walks upright—is of the human form, both outside and inside—uses a weapon for defence and attack—associates with his kind—makes huts to defend himself from the weather, better I believe than those of the New Hollanders—is tame and gentle—and instead of killing men and women, as he could easily do, takes them prisoners and makes servants of them—who has, what I think essential to the human kind, a sense of honour;* which is shown by breaking his heart, if laughed at, or made a show, or treated with any kind of contumely—*who, when he is brought into the company of civilized men, behaves* (as you have seen) *with dignity and composure, altogether unlike a monkey; from whom he differs likewise in this material respect, that he is capable of great attachment to particular persons, of which the monkey is altogether incapable; and also in this respect, that a monkey never can be so tamed that we may depend on his not doing mischief when left alone, by breaking glasses or china within his reach; whereas the oran outang is altogether harmless;—who has so much of the docility of a man that he learns not only to do the common offices of life, but also to play on the flute* and French horn; *which shows that he must have an idea of melody and concord of sounds, which no brute animal has;—and lastly, if joined to all these qualities he has the organ of pronunciation, and consequently the capacity of speech, though not the actual use of it; if, I say,*

*such an animal be not a man, I should desire to know in what the essence of a man consists, and what it is that distinguishes a natural man from the man of art.** That he understands many words, though he does not yet speak any, I think you may have observed, when you asked him to take wine, and applied to him for fish and partridge.†

* The words in italics are from the *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. pp. 41, 42. Lord Monboddo adds: "I hold it to be impossible to convince any philosopher, or any man of common sense, who has bestowed any time to consider the mechanism of speech, that such various actions and configurations of the organs of speech as are necessary for articulation can be natural to man. Whoever thinks this possible, should go and see, as I have done, Mr Braidwood of Edinburgh, or the Abbé de l'Epée in Paris, teach the dumb to speak; and when he has observed all the different actions of the organs, which those professors are obliged to mark distinctly to their pupils with a great deal of pains and labour, so far from thinking articulation natural to man, he will rather wonder how, by any teaching or imitation, he should attain to the ready performance of such various and complicated operations."

"Quoique l'organe de la parole soit naturel à l'homme, la parole elle-même ne lui est pourtant pas naturelle."—ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

"The oran outang, so accurately dissected by Tyson, had exactly the same organs of voice that a man has."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 44.

"I have been told that the oran outang who is to be seen in Sir Ashton Lever's collection, had learned before he died to articulate some words."—*Ibid.* p. 40.

† "I desire any philosopher to tell me the specific difference between an oran outang sitting at table, and behaving as M. de la Brosse or M. Buffon himself has described him,

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—The gestures, however slight, that accompany the expression of the ordinary forms of intercourse, may possibly explain that.

Mr Forester.—You will find that he understands many things addressed to him on occasions of very unfrequent occurrence. *With regard to his moral character, he is undoubtedly a man, and a much better man than many that are to be found in civilized countries,** as, when you are better acquainted with him, I feel very confident you will readily acknowledge.†

and one of our dumb persons; and in general I believe it will be very difficult, or rather impossible, for a man who is accustomed to divide things according to specific marks, not individual differences, to draw the line betwixt the oran outang and the dumb persons among us: they have both their organs of pronunciation, and both show signs of intelligence by their actions."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iv. p. 55.

† "Toute la terre est couverte de nations, dont nous ne connoissons que les noms, et nous nous mêlons de juger le genre humain! Supposons un Montesquieu, un Buffon, un Diderot, un Duclos, un D'Alembert, un Condillac, ou des hommes de cette trempe, voyageant pour instruire leurs compatriotes, observant et décrivant comme ils sçavent faire, la Turquie, l'Egypte, la Barbarie, l'Empire de Maroc, la Guinée, le pays des Caffres, l'intèrieur de l'Afrique et ses côtes orientales, les Malabares, le Mogol, les rives du Gange, les royaumes de Siam, de Pégu et d'Ava, la Chine, la Tartarie, et sur-tout le Japon; puis dans l'autre hémisphére le Méxique, le Pérou, le Chili, les Terres Magellaniques, sans oublier les Patagons vrais ou faux, le Tucuman, le

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I shall be very happy, when his election comes on for Onevote, to drive him down in my barouche to the honourable and ancient borough.

Mr Forester promised to avail himself of this proposal; when the iron tongue of midnight tolling twelve induced them to separate for the night.

Paraguai, s'il étoit possible, le Brèsil, enfin les Caraïbes, la Floride, et toutes les contrées sauvages, voyage le plus important de tous, et celui qu'il faudroit faire avec le plus de soin; supposons que ces nouveaux Hercules, de retour de ces courses mémorables, fissent à loisir l'histoire naturelle, morale, et politique de ce qu'ils auroient vus, nous verrions nous-mêmes sortir un monde nouveau de dessous leur plume, et nous apprendrions ainsi à connoître le nôtre: je dis que quand de pareils observateurs affirmeront d'un tel animal que c'est un homme, et d'un autre que c'est une bête, il faudra les en croire: mais ce seroit une grande simplicité de s'en rapporter làdessus á des voyageurs grossiers, sur lesquels on seroit quelquefois tenté de faire la même question qu'ils se mêlent de résoudre sur d'autres animaux."—ROUSSEAU, *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, note 8.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION.

THE next morning, while Sir Telegraph, Sir Oran, and Mr Forester were sitting down to their breakfast, a post-chaise rattled up to the door; the glass was let down, and a tall, thin, pale, grave-looking personage peeped from the aperture. "This is Mr Fax,"* said Mr Forester, "the champion of calm reason, the indefatigable explorer of the cold clear springs of knowledge, the bearer of the torch of dispassionate truth, that gives more light than warmth. He looks on the human world, the world of mind, the conflict of interests, the collision of feelings, the infinitely diversified developments of energy and intelligence, as a mathematician looks on his diagrams, or a mechanist on his wheels and pulleys, as if they were foreign to his own nature, and were nothing more than subjects of curious speculation."

Mr Forester had not time to say more; for Mr Fax entered, and shook hands with him, was

* Mr Fax appears to be an idealised portrait of Malthus. —G.

introduced in due form to Sir Telegraph, and sat down to assist in the demolition of the *matériel* of breakfast.

Mr Fax.—Your Redrose Abbey is a beautiful metamorphosis.—I can scarcely believe that these are the mouldering walls of the pious fraternity of Rednose, which I contemplated two years ago.

Mr Forester.—The picturesque tourists will owe me no good-will for the metamorphosis, though I have endeavoured to leave them as much mould, mildew, and weather-stain as possible.

Mr Fax.—The exterior has suffered little; it still retains a truly venerable monastic character.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Something monastic in the interior too.—Very orthodox old wine in the cellar, I can tell you. And the Reverend Father Abbot there, as determined a bachelor as the Pope.

Mr Forester.—If I am so, it is because, like the Squire of Dames, I seek and cannot find. I see in my mind's eye the woman I would choose, but I very much fear that is the only mode of optics in which she will ever be visible.

Mr Fax.—No matter. Bachelors and spinsters I decidedly venerate. The world is overstocked with featherless bipeds. More men than corn is a fearful pre-eminence, the sole and fruitful cause of penury, disease, and war, plague, pestilence, and famine.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I hope you will not

long have cause to venerate me. What is life without love? A rose-bush in winter, all thorns, and no flowers.

Mr Fax.—And what is it with love? A double-blossomed cherry, flowers without fruit; if the blossoms last a month, it is as much as can be expected: they fall, and what comes in their place? Vanity, and vexation of spirit.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Better vexation, than stagnation: marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.

Mr Fax.—Rather a calm clear river——

Mr Forester.—Flowing through a desert, where it moves in loneliness, and reflects no forms of beauty.

Mr Fax.—That is not the way to consider the case. Feelings and poetical images are equally out of place in a calm philosophical view of human society. Some must marry, that the world may be peopled: many must abstain, that it may not be overstocked. *Little and good,* is very applicable in this case. It is better that the world should have a smaller number of peaceable and rational inhabitants, living in universal harmony and social intercourse, than the disproportionate mass of fools, slaves, coxcombs, thieves, rascals, liars, and cut-throats, with which its surface is at present encumbered. It is in vain to declaim about the preponderance of physical and moral evil, and attribute it, with the Manicheans, to a mythological principle, or, with some modern

philosophers, to the physical constitution of the globe. The cause of all the evils of human society is single, obvious, reducible to the most exact mathematical calculation; and of course susceptible not only of remedy but even of utter annihilation. The cause is the tendency of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence. The remedy is an universal social compact, binding both sexes to equally rigid celibacy, till the prospect of maintaining the average number of six children be as clear as the arithmetic of futurity can make it.

Mr Forester.—The arithmetic of futurity has been found in a more than equal number of instances to baffle human skill. The rapid and sudden mutations of fortune are the inexhaustible theme of history, poetry, and romance; and they are found in forms as various and surprising, in the scenes of daily life, as on the stage of Drury Lane.

Mr Fax.—That the best prospects are often overshadowed, is most certainly true; but there are degrees and modes of well-grounded reliance on futurity, sufficient to justify the enterprises of prudence, and equally well-grounded prospiciencies of hopelessness and helplessness, that should check the steps of rashness and passion, in their headlong progress to perdition.

Mr Forester.—You have little cause to complain of the present age. It is calculating enough to gratify the most determined votary of moral and

political arithmetic. This certainly is not the time,

> When unrevenged stalks Cocker's injured ghost.

What is friendship — except in some most rare and miraculous instances—but the fictitious bond of interest, or the heartless intercourse of idleness and vanity? What is love, but the most venal of all venal commodities? What is marriage, but the most sordid of bargains, the most cold and slavish of all the forms of commerce? We want no philosophical ice-rock, towed into the Dead Sea of modern society, to freeze that which is too cold already. We want rather the torch of Prometheus to revivify our frozen spirits. We are a degenerate race, half-reasoning developments of the principle of infinite littleness, "with hearts in our bodies no bigger than pins' heads." We are in no danger of forgetting that two and two make four. There is no fear that the warm impulses of feeling will ever overpower, with us, the tangible eloquence of the pocket.

Mr Fax.—With relation to the middle and higher classes, you are right in a great measure as to fact, but wrong, as I think, in the asperity of your censure. But among the lower orders the case is quite different. The baleful influence of the poor laws has utterly destroyed the principle of calculation in them. They marry by wholesale, without scruple or compunction, and commit the future care of their family to Providence and the overseer. They marry even in the workhouse, and

convert the intended asylum of age and infirmity into a flourishing manufactory of young beggars and vagabonds.

Sir Telegraph's barouche rolled up gracefully to the door. Mr Forester pressed him to stay another day, but Sir Telegraph's plea of urgency was not to be overcome. He promised very shortly to revisit Redrose Abbey, shook hands with Mr Forester and Sir Oran, bowed politely to Mr Fax, mounted his box, and disappeared among the trees.

"Those four horses," said Mr Fax, as the carriage rolled away, "consume the subsistence of eight human beings, for the foolish amusement of one. As Solomon observes: 'This is vanity, and a great evil.'"

"Sir Telegraph is thoughtless," said Mr Forester, "but he has a good heart and a good natural capacity. I have great hopes of him. He had some learning, when he went to college; but he was cured of it before he came away. Great, indeed, must be the zeal for improvement which an academical education cannot extinguish."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

SIR TELEGRAPH was welcomed to Melincourt in due form by Mr Hippy, and in a private interview with the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, was exhorted to persevere in his suit to Anthelia, though she could not flatter him with very strong hopes of immediate success, the young lady's notions being, as she observed, extremely outré and fantastical, but such as she had no doubt time and experience would cure. She informed him at the same time, that he would shortly meet a formidable rival, no less a personage than Lord Anophel Achthar,* son and heir of the Marquis of Agaric,† who was somewhat in favour with Mr Hippy, and seemed determined at all hazards to carry his point; "and with any other girl than Anthelia," said Mrs Pinmoney, "considering his title and fortune, I should pronounce his success infallible, unless a duke were to make

* ΑΝΩΦΕΛου ΑΧΘος ΑΡουρας. *Terræ pondus inutile.*

† AGARICUS, in Botany, a genus of plants of the class Cryptogamia, comprehending the mushroom, and a copious variety of toadstools.

his appearance." She added, "The young lord would be accompanied by his tutor, the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, and by a celebrated poet, Mr Feathernest,* to whom the Marquis had recently given a place in exchange for his conscience. It was thought by Mr Feathernest's friends that he had made a very good bargain. The poet had, in consequence, burned his old 'Odes to Truth and Liberty,' and had published a volume of Panegyrical Addresses 'to all the crowned heads in Europe,' with the motto, 'Whatever is at court, is right.'"

The dinner-party that day at Melincourt Castle consisted of Mr Hippy, in the character of lord of the mansion; Anthelia, in that of his inmate; Mrs and Miss Pinmoney, as her visitors; and Sir Telegraph, as the visitor of Mrs Pinmoney, seconded by Mr Hippy's invitation to stay. Nothing very luminous passed on this occasion.

The fame of Mr Hippy, and his hospitable office, was rapidly diffused by Dr Killquick, the physician of the district; who thought a draught or pill could not possibly be efficacious, unless administered with an anecdote, and who was called in, in a very few hours after Mr Hippy's arrival, to cure the hypochondriacal old gentleman of an imaginary swelling in his elbow. The learned doctor, who had studied with peculiar care the

* Southey. The constant attacks made by Peacock and others for his alleged political apostacy were certainly unjust, but as certainly made in good faith, and plausible.—G.

symptoms, diagnostics, prognostics, sedatives, lenitives, and sanatives of hypochondriasis, had arrived at the sagacious conclusion, that the most effectual method of curing an imaginary disease was to give the patient a real one; and he accordingly sent Mr Hippy a pint bottle of mixture, to be taken by a tablespoonful every two hours, which would have infallibly accomplished the purpose, but that the bottle was cracked over the head of Harry Fell, for treading on his master's toe, as he presented the composing potion, which would perhaps have composed him in the Roman sense.

The fashionable attractions of Low Wood and Keswick afforded facilities to some of Anthelia's lovers to effect a *logement* in her neighbourhood, from whence occasionally riding over to Melincourt Castle, they were hospitably received by the lord seneschal, Humphrey Hippy, Esquire, who often made them fixed stars in the circumference of that jovial system, of which the bottle and glasses are the sun and planets, till it was too late to dislodge for the night; by which means they sometimes contrived to pass several days together at the Castle.

The gentlemen in question were Lord Anophel Achthar, with his two parasites, Mr Feathernest and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub; Harum O'Scarum, Esquire, the sole proprietor of a vast tract of undrained bog in the county of Kerry; and Mr Derrydown, the only son of an old lady in

London, who having in vain solicited a visit from Anthelia, had sent off her hopeful progeny to try his fortune in Westmoreland. Mr Derrydown had received a laborious education, and had consumed a great quantity of midnight oil, over ponderous tomes of ancient and modern learning, particularly of moral, political, and metaphysical philosophy, ancient and modern. His lucubrations in the latter branch of science having conducted him, as he conceived, into the central opacity of utter darkness, he formed a hasty conclusion "that all human learning is vanity;" and one day, in a listless mood, taking down a volume of the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," he found, or fancied he found, in the plain language of the old English ballad, glimpses of the truth of things, which he had vainly sought in the vast volumes of philosophical disquisition. In consequence of this luminous discovery, he locked up his library, purchased a travelling chariot, with a shelf in the back, which he filled with collections of ballads and popular songs; and passed the greater part of every year in posting about the country, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of studying together poetry and the peasantry, unsophisticated nature and the truth of things.

Mr Hippy introduced Lord Anophel, and his two learned friends, to Sir Telegraph, and Mrs and Miss Pinmoney. Mr Feathernest whispered to the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, "This Sir Telegraph Paxarett has some good livings in his gift;" which

bent the plump figure of the reverend gentleman into a very orthodox right angle.

Anthelia, who felt no inclination to show particular favour to any one of her Strephons, was not sorry to escape the evil of a solitary persecutor, more especially as they so far resembled the suitors of Penelope, as to eat and drink together with great cordiality. She could have wished, when she left them to the congenial society of Bacchus, to have retired to company more congenial to her than that of Mrs Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta; but she submitted to the course of necessity with the best possible grace.

She explicitly made known to all her suitors her ideas on the subject of marriage. She had never perverted the simplicity of her mind by indulging in the usual cant of young ladies, that she should prefer a single life: but she assured them that the spirit of the age of chivalry, manifested in the forms of modern life, would constitute the only character on which she could fix her affections.

Lord Anophel was puzzled, and applied for information to his tutor. "Grovelgrub," said he, "what is the spirit of the age of chivalry?"

"Really, my lord," said the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, "my studies never lay that way."

"True," said Lord Anophel; "it was not necessary to your degree."

His lordship's next recourse was to Mr Feathernest. "Feathernest, what is the spirit of the age of chivalry?"

Mr Feathernest was taken by surprise. Since his profitable metamorphosis into an *ami du prince*, he had never dreamed of such a question. It burst upon him like the spectre of his youthful integrity, and he mumbled a half-intelligible reply about truth and liberty—disinterested benevolence — self-oblivion — heroic devotion to love and honour—protection of the feeble, and subversion of tyranny.

"All the ingredients of a rank Jacobin, Feathernest, 'pon honour!" exclaimed his lordship.

There was something in the word Jacobin very grating to the ears of Mr Feathernest, and he feared he had thrown himself between the horns of a dilemma; but from all such predicament he was happily provided with an infallible means of extrication. His friend Mr Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge,* had initiated him in some of the mysteries of the transcendental philosophy, which on this, as all similar occasions, he called in to his assistance; and overwhelmed his lordship with a volley of ponderous jargon, which left him in profound astonishment at the depth of Mr Feathernest's knowledge.

"The spirit of the age of chivalry!" soliloquized Mr O'Scarum; "I think I know what that is: I'll shoot all my rivals, one after another, as fast as I can find a decent pretext for picking a quarrel. I'll write to my friend Major O'Dogskin to come to Low Wood Inn, and hold himself in readiness.

* Coleridge.—G.

He is the neatest hand in Ireland at delivering a challenge."

"The spirit of the age of chivalry!" soliloquized Mr Derrydown; "I think I am at home there. I will be a knight of the round table. I will be Sir Lancelot, or Sir Gawaine, or Sir Tristram. No: I will be a troubadour—a love-lorn minstrel. I will write the most irresistible ballads in praise of the beautiful Anthelia. She shall be my lady of the lake. We will sail about Ulleswater in our pinnace, and sing duets about Merlin, and King Arthur, and Fairyland. I will develop the idea to her in a ballad: it cannot fail to fascinate her romantic spirit." And he sat down to put his scheme in execution.

Sir Telegraph's head ran on tilts and tournaments, and trials of skill and courage. How could they be resolved into the forms of modern life? A four-in-hand race he thought would be a pretty substitute: Anthelia to be arbitress of the contest, and place the Olympic wreath on the head of the victor, which he had no doubt would be himself, though Harum O'Scarum, Esquire, would dash through neck or nothing, and Lord Anophel Achthar was reckoned one of the best coachmen in England.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BALLADS.

THE very indifferent success of Lord Anophel did not escape the eye of his abject slave, the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, whose vanity led him to misinterpret Anthelia's general sweetness of manner into the manifestation of something like a predilection for himself. Having made this notable discovery, he sate down to calculate the probability of his chance of Miss Melincourt's fortune on the one hand, and the certainty of church-preferment, through the patronage of the Marquis of Agaric, on the other. The sagacious reflection, that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, determined him not to risk the loss of the Marquis's favour for the open pursuit of a doubtful success; but he resolved to carry on a secret attack on the affections of Anthelia, and not to throw off the mask to Lord Anophel till he could make sure of his prize.

It would have totally disconcerted the schemes of the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, if Lord Anophel had made any progress in the favour of Anthelia—

not not only because she had made up her mind that her young friend should be her niece and Lady Paxarett, but because, from the moment of Lord Anophel's appearance, she determined on drawing lines of circumvallation round him, to compel him to surrender at discretion to her dear Danaretta, who was very willing to second her views. That Lord Anophel was both a fool and a coxcomb, did not strike her at all as an objection; on the contrary, she considered them as very favourable circumstances for the facilitation of her design.

As Anthelia usually passed the morning in the seclusion of her library, Lord Anophel and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub killed the time in shooting; Sir Telegraph, in driving Mrs and Miss Pinmoney in his barouche, to astonish the natives of the mountain-villages; Harum O'Scarum, Esquire, in riding full gallop along the best roads, looking every now and then at his watch, to see how time went; Mr Derrydown, in composing his troubadour ballad; Mr Feathernest, in writing odes to all the crowned heads in Europe; and Mr Hippy, in getting very ill after breakfast every day of a new disease, which came to its climax at the intermediate point of time between breakfast and dinner, showed symptoms of great amendment at the ringing of the first dinner-bell, was very much alleviated at the butler's summons, vanished entirely at the sight of Anthelia, and was consigned to utter oblivion after the ladies retired from table,

when the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub lent his clerical assistance to lay its ghost in the Red Sea of a copious libation of claret.

Music and conversation consumed the evenings. Mr Feathernest and Mr Derrydown were both zealous admirers of old English literature; but the former was chiefly enraptured with the ecclesiastical writers and the translation of the Bible; the latter admired nothing but ballads, which he maintained to be, whether ancient or modern, the only manifestations of feeling and thought containing any vestige of truth and nature.

"Surely," said Mr Feathernest one evening, "You will not maintain that Chevy Chase is a finer poem than Paradise Lost?"

Mr Derrydown.—I do not know what you mean by a fine poem; but I will maintain that it gives a much deeper insight into the truth of things.

Mr Feathernest.—I do not know what you mean by the truth of things.

The Rev Mr Grovelgrub.—Define, gentleman, define: let the one explain what he means by a fine poem, and the other what he means by the truth of things.

Mr Feathernest.—A fine poem is a luminous development of the complicated machinery of action and passion, exalted by sublimity, softened by pathos, irradiated with scenes of magnificence, figures of loveliness and characters of energy, and

harmonized with infinite variety of melodious combination.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Admirable!

Miss Danaretta Constantina Pinmoney.—Admirable, indeed, my lord! *(With a sweet smile at his Lordship, which unluckily missed fire.)*

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Now, Sir, for the truth of things.

Mr O'Scarum.—Troth, Sir, that is the last point about which I should expect a gentleman of your cloth to be very solicitous.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I must say, Sir, that is a very uncalled-for and very illiberal observation.

Mr O'Scarum.—Your coat is your protection, Sir.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I will appeal to his lordship if——

Mr O'Scarum.—I shall be glad to know his lordship's opinion.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Really, Sir, I have no opinion on the subject.

Mr O'Scarum.—I am sorry for it, my lord.

Mr Derrydown.—The truth of things is nothing more than an exact view of the necessary relations between object and subject, in all the modes of reflection and sentiment which constitute the reciprocities of human association.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I must confess I do not exactly comprehend——

Mr Derrydown.—I will illustrate. You all know the ballad of Old Robin Gray.

Young Jamie loved me well, and asked me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had nothing else beside.
To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were both for me.

He had not been gone a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father broke his arm, and our cow was stolen away;
My mother she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And old Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

In consequence whereof, as you all very well know, old Robin being rich, the damsel married the aforesaid old Robin.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—In the heterodox kirk of the north?

Mr Derrydown.—Precisely. Now, in this short space, you have a more profound view than the deepest metaphysical treatise or the most elaborate history can give you of the counteracting power of opposite affections, the conflict of duties and inclinations, the omnipotence of interest, tried by the test of extremity, and the supreme and irresistible dominion of universal moral necessity.

Young Jamie loved me well, and ask'd me for his bride;

and would have had her, it is clear, though she does not explicitly say so, if there had not been a necessary moral motive counteracting what would have been otherwise the plain free will of both. "Young Jamie loved me well." She does not say that she loved young Jamie; and here is a striking illustration of that female decorum which

forbids young ladies to speak as they think on any subject whatever: an admirable political institution, which has been found by experience to be most happily conducive to that ingenuousness of mind and simplicity of manner which constitute so striking a charm in the generality of the fair sex.

But saving a crown, he had nothing else beside.

Here is the quintessence of all that has been said and written on the subject of love and prudence, a decisive refutation of the stoical doctrine that poverty is no evil, a very clear and deep insight into the nature of the preventive or prudential check to population, and a particularly luminous view of the respective conduct of the two sexes on similar occasions. The poor love-stricken swain, it seems, is ready to sacrifice all for love. He comes with a crown in his pocket, and asks for his bride. The damsel is a better arithmetician. She is fully impressed with the truth of the old proverb about poverty coming in at the door, and immediately stops him short, with "What can you settle on me, Master Jamie?" or, as Captain Bobadil would express it, "How much money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?" Poor Jamie looks very foolish—fumbles in his pocket—produces his crown-piece—and answers like Master Matthew, with a remarkable elongation of visage, "'Faith, I ha'n't past a five shillings or so." "Then," says the young lady, in the words of

another very admirable ballad—where you will observe it is also the damsel who asks the question:

> Will the love that you're so rich in,
> Make a fire in the kitchen?

On which the poor lover shakes his head, and the lady gives him leave of absence. Hereupon Jamie falls into a train of reflections.

Mr O'Scarum.—Never mind his reflections.

Mr Derrydown.—The result of which is, that he goes to seek his fortune at sea; intending, with the most perfect and disinterested affection, to give all he can get to his mistress, who seems much pleased with the idea of having it. But when he comes back, as you will see in the sequel, he finds his mistress married to a rich old man. The detail of the circumstances abounds with vast and luminous views of human nature and society, and striking illustrations of the truth of things.

Mr Feathernest. — I do not yet see that the illustration throws any light on the definition, or that we are at all advanced in the answer to the question concerning Chevy Chase and Paradise Lost.

Mr Derrydown.—We will examine Chevy Chase, then, with a view to the truth of things, instead of Old Robin Gray:

> God prosper long our noble king,
> Our lives and safeties all.

Mr O'Scarum.—God prosper us all, indeed! if

you are going through Chevy Chase at the same rate as you were through Old Robin Gray, there is an end of us all for a month. The truth of things, now!—is it that you're looking for? Ask Miss Melincourt to touch the harp. The harp is the great key to the truth of things: and in the hand of Miss Melincourt it will teach you the music of the spheres, the concord of creation, and the harmony of the universe.

Anthelia.—You are a libeller of our sex, Mr Derrydown, if you think the truth of things consists in showing it to be more governed by the meanest species of self-interest than yours. Few, indeed, are the individuals of either in whom the spirit of the age of chivalry survives.

Mr Derrydown.—And yet, a man distinguished by that spirit would not be in society what Miss Melincourt is—a phœnix. Many knights can wield the sword of Orlando, but only one nymph can wear the girdle of Florimel.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—That would be a very pretty compliment, Mr Derrydown, if there were no other ladies in the room.

Poor Mr Derrydown looked a little disconcerted: he felt conscious that he had on this occasion lost sight of his usual politeness by too close an adherence to the truth of things.

Anthelia.—Both sexes, I am afraid, are too much influenced by the spirit of mercenary calculation. The desire of competence is prudence; but the desire of more than competence is avarice:

it is against the latter only that moral censure should be directed: but I fear that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which the course of true love is thwarted by considerations of fortune, it will be found that avarice rather than prudence is to be considered as the cause. Love in the age of chivalry, and love in the age of commerce, are certainly two very different deities; so much so, that the former may almost be regarded as a departed power; and, perhaps, the little ballad I am about to sing does not contain too severe an allegory in placing the tomb of chivalric love among the ruins of the castles of romance.

THE TOMB OF LOVE.

By the mossy weed-flower'd column,
  Where the setting moonbeam's glance
Streams a radiance cold and solemn
  On the haunts of old romance:
Know'st thou what those shafts betoken,
  Scatter'd on that tablet lone,
Where the ivory bow lies broken
  By the monumental stone!

When true knighthood's shield, neglected,
  Moulder'd in the empty hall;
When the charms that shield protected
  Slept in death's eternal thrall;
When chivalric glory perish'd
  Like the pageant of a dream,
Love in vain its memory cherish'd,
  Fired in vain the minstrel's theme.

Falsehood to an elfish minion
  Did the form of Love impart ;
Cunning plumed its vampire pinion ;
  Avarice tipp'd its golden dart.
Love, the hideous phantom flying,
  Hither came, no more to rove :
There his broken bow is lying
  On that stone—the tomb of Love !

CHAPTER X.

THE TORRENT.

ANTHELIA did not wish to condemn herself to celibacy, but in none of her present suitors could she discover any trace of the character she had drawn in her mind for the companion of her life: yet she was aware of the rashness of precipitate judgments, and willing to avail herself of this opportunity of studying the kind of beings that constitute modern society. She was happy in the long interval between breakfast and dinner, to retire to the seclusion of her favourite apartment; whence she sometimes wandered into the shades of her shrubbery: sometimes passing onward through a little postern door, she descended a flight of rugged steps, which had been cut in the solid stone, into the gloomy glen of the torrent that dashed round the base of the castle rock; and following a lonely path through the woods that fringed its sides, wandered into the deepest recesses of mountain solitude. The sunshine of a fine autumnal day, the solemn beauty of the fading woods, the thin gray mist, that spread

waveless over the mountains, the silence of the air, the deep stillness of nature, broken only by the sound of the eternal streams, tempted her on one occasion beyond her usual limits.

Passing over the steep and wood-fringed hills of rock that formed the boundary of the valley of Melincourt, she descended through a grove of pines into a romantic chasm, where a foaming stream was crossed by a rude and ancient bridge, consisting of two distinct parts, each of which rested against a columnar rock, that formed an island in the roaring waters. An ash had fixed its roots in the fissures of the rock, and the knotted base of its aged trunk offered to the passenger a natural seat, over-canopied with its beautiful branches and leaves, now tinged with their autumnal yellow. Anthelia rested awhile in this delightful solitude. There was no breath of wind, no song of birds, no humming of insects, only the dashing of the waters beneath. She felt the presence of the genius of the scene. She sat absorbed in a train of contemplations, dimly defined, but infinitely delightful: emotions rather than thoughts, which attention would have utterly dissipated, if it had paused to seize their images.

She was roused from her reverie by sounds of music, issuing from the grove of pines, through which she had just passed, and which skirted the hollow. The notes were wild and irregular, but their effect was singular and pleasing. They

ceased. Anthelia looked to the spot from whence they had proceeded, and saw, or thought she saw, a face peeping at her through the trees; but the glimpse was momentary. There was in the expression of the countenance something so extraordinary, that she almost felt convinced her imagination had created it; yet her imagination was not in the habit of creating such physiognomies. She could not, however, apprehend that this remarkable vision portended any evil to her; for, if so, alone and defenceless as she was, why should it be deferred? She rose, therefore, to pursue her walk, and ascended, by a narrow winding path, the brow of a lofty hill, which sunk precipitously on the other side, to the margin of a lake, that seemed to slumber in the same eternal stillness as the rocks that bordered it. The murmur of the torrent was inaudible at that elevation. There was an almost oppressive silence in the air. The motion and life of nature seemed suspended. The gray mist that hung on the mountains spreading its thin transparent uniform veil over the whole surrounding scene, gave a deeper impression to the mystery of loneliness, the predominant feeling that pressed on the mind of Anthelia, to seem the only thing that lived and moved in all that wide and awful scene of beauty.

Suddenly the gray mist fled before the rising wind, and a deep black line of clouds appeared in the west, that rising rapidly, volume on volume,

obscured in a few minutes the whole face of the heavens. There was no interval of preparation, no notice for retreat. The rain burst down in a sheeted cataract, comparable only to the bursting of a water-spout. The sides of the mountains gleamed at once with a thousand torrents. Every little hollow and rain-worn channel, which but a few minutes before was dry, became instantaneously the bed of a foaming stream. Every half-visible rivulet swelled to a powerful and turbid river. Anthelia glided down the hill like an Oread, but the wet and slippery footing of the steep descent necessarily retarded her progress. When she regained the bridge, the swollen torrent had filled the chasm beneath, and was still rising like a rapid and impetuous tide, rushing and roaring along with boiling tumult and inconceivable swiftness. She had passed one half of the bridge—she had gained the insular rock—a few steps would have placed her on the other side of the chasm—when a large trunk of an oak, which months, perhaps years, before had baffled the woodman's skill, and fallen into the dingle above, now disengaged by the flood, and hurled onward with irresistible strength, with large and projecting boughs towering high above the surface, struck the arch she had yet to pass, which, shattered into instant ruin, seemed to melt like snow into the torrent, leaving scarcely a vestige of its place.

Anthelia followed the trunk with her eyes till it disappeared among the rocks, and stood gazing on

the torrent with feelings of awful delight. The contemplation of the mighty energies of nature, energies of liberty and power which nothing could resist or impede, absorbed, for a time, all considerations of the difficulty of regaining her home. The water continued to rise, but still she stood rivetted to the spot, watching with breathless interest its tumultuous revolutions. She dreamed not, that its increasing pressure was mining the foundation of the arch she had passed. She was roused from her reverie only by the sound of its dissolution. She looked back, and found herself on the solitary rock insulated by the swelling flood.

Would the flood rise above the level of the rock? The ash must in that case be her refuge. Could the force of the torrent rend its massy roots from the rocky fissures which grasped them with giant strength? Nothing could seem less likely: yet it was not impossible. But she had always looked with calmness on the course of necessity: she felt that she was always in the order of nature. Though her life had been a series of uniform prosperity, she had considered deeply the changes of things, and *the nearness of the paths of night and day** in every pursuit and circumstance of human life. She sate on the stem of the ash. The torrent rolled almost at her feet. Could this be the calm sweet scene of the morning, the ivied bridges, the romantic chasm, the

* Ἐγγυς γαρ νυκτος τε και ἡματος εἰσι κελευθοι.

stream far below, bright in its bed of rocks, chequered by the pale sunbeams through the leaves of the ash?

She looked towards the pine-grove, through which she had descended in the morning; she thought of the wild music she had heard, and of the strange face that had appeared among the trees. Suddenly it appeared again: and shortly after a stranger issuing from the wood, ran with surprising speed to the edge of the chasm.

Anthelia had never seen so singular a physiognomy; but there was nothing in it to cause alarm. The stranger seemed interested for her situation, and made gestures expressive of a design to assist her. He paused a moment, as if measuring with his eyes the breadth of the chasm, and then, returning to the grove, proceeded very deliberately to pull up a pine.* Anthelia thought him mad; but infinite was her astonishment to see the tree sway and bend beneath the efforts of his incredible strength, till at length he tore it from the soil, and bore it on his shoulders to the chasm: where placing one end on a high point of the

* "Ils sont si robustes, dit le traducteur de l'Histoire des Voyages, que dix hommes ne suffiroient pas pour les arrêter."—ROUSSEAU.

"The oran outang is prodigiously strong."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iv. p. 51; vol. v. p. 4.

"I have heard the natives say, he can throw down a palm-tree, by his amazing strength, to come at the wine."—*Letter of a Bristol Merchant in a note to the Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

bank, and lowering the other on the insulated rock, he ran like a flash of lightning along the stem, caught Anthelia in his arms, and carried her safely over in an instant: not that we should wish the reader to suppose our heroine, a mountaineer from her infancy, could not have crossed a pine-bridge without such assistance; but the stranger gave her no time to try the experiment.

The remarkable physiognomy and unparalleled strength of the stranger caused much of surprise, and something of apprehension to mingle with Anthelia's gratitude: but the air of high fashion which characterized his whole deportment, diminished her apprehension, while it increased her surprise at the exploit he had performed.

Shouts were now heard in the wood, from which shortly emerged Mr Hippy, Lord Anophel Achthar, and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub. Anthelia had been missed at Melincourt at the commencement of the storm, and Mr Hippy had been half distracted on the occasion. The whole party had in consequence dispersed in various directions in search of her, and accident had directed these three gentlemen to the spot where Anthelia was just set down by her polite deliverer, Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet.

Mr Hippy ran up with great alacrity to Anthelia, assuring her that at the time when Miss Danaretta Constantina Pin-money informed him his dear niece was missing, he was suffering under a complete paralysis of his right leg, and was on

the point of swallowing a potion sent to him by Dr Killquick, which, on receiving the alarming intelligence, he had thrown out of the window, and he believed it had alighted on the doctor's head as he was crossing the court. Anthelia communicated to him the particulars of the signal service she had received from the stranger, whom Mr Hippy stared at heartily, and shook hands with cordially.

Lord Anophel now came up, and surveyed Sir Oran through his quizzing-glass, who making him a polite bow, took his quizzing-glass from him, and examined him through it in the same manner. Lord Anophel flew into a furious passion; but receiving a gentle hint from Mr Hippy, that the gentleman to whom he was talking had just pulled up a pine, he deemed it prudent to restrain his anger within due bounds.

The Reverend Mr Grovelgrub now rolled up to the party, muffled in a ponderous greatcoat, and surmounted with an enormous umbrella, humbly soliciting Miss Melincourt to take shelter. Anthelia assured him that she was so completely wet through, as to render all shelter superfluous, till she could change her clothes. On this, Mr Hippy, who was wet through himself, but had not till that moment been aware that he was so, voted for returning to Melincourt with all possible expedition; adding, that he feared it would be necessary, immediately on their arrival, to send off an express for Dr Killquick, for his

dear Anthelia's sake, as well as his own. Anthelia disclaimed any intention or necessity on her part of calling in the services of the learned doctor, and, turning to Sir Oran, requested the favour of his company to dinner at Melincourt. This invitation was warmly seconded by Mr Hippy, with gestures as well as words. Sir Oran bowed acknowledgment, but pointing in a direction different from that of Melincourt, shook his head, and took a respectful farewell.

"I wonder who he is," said Mr Hippy, as they walked rapidly homewards: "manifestly dumb, poor fellow! a man of consequence, no doubt: no great beauty, by-the-by; but as strong as Hercules —quite an Orlando Furioso. He pulled up a pine, my lord, as you would a mushroom."

"Sir," said Lord Anophel, "I have nothing to do with mushrooms; and as to this gentleman, whoever he is, I must say, notwithstanding his fashionable air, his taking my quizzing-glass was a piece of impertinence, for which I shall feel necessitated to require gentlemanly satisfaction."

A long, toilsome, and slippery walk brought the party to the castle-gate.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON, as we conjecture, had taken a very long ramble beyond the limits of Redrose Abbey, and had sat down in the pine-grove to solace himself with his flute, when Anthelia, bursting upon him like a beautiful vision, rivetted him in silent admiration to the spot whence she departed, about which he lingered in hopes of her re-appearance, till the accident which occurred on her return enabled him to exert his extraordinary physical strength in a manner so remarkably advantageous to her. On parting from her and her companions, he ran back all the way to the Abbey, a formidable distance, and relieved the anxious apprehensions which his friend Mr Forester entertained respecting him.

A few mornings after this occurrence, as Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran were sitting at breakfast, a letter was brought in, addressed to *Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, Redrose Abbey;* a circumstance which very much surprised Mr

Forester, as he could not imagine how Sir Oran had obtained a correspondent, seeing that he could neither write nor read. He accordingly took the liberty of opening the letter himself.

It proved to be from a limb of the law, signing himself Richard Ratstail, and purporting to be a notice to Sir Oran to defend himself in an action brought against him by the said Richard Ratstail, solicitor, in behalf of his client, Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, lord of the manor of Muckwormsby, for that he, the said Oran Haut-ton, did, with force and arms, videlicet, sword, pistols, daggers, bludgeons, and staves, break into the manor of the said Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, and did then and there, with malice aforethought, and against the peace of our sovereign lord the King, his crown and dignity, cut down, root up, hew, hack, and cut in pieces, sundry and several pine-trees, of various sizes and dimensions, to the utter ruin, havoc, waste, and devastation of a large tract of pine-land; and that he had wilfully, maliciously, and with intent to injure the said Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, carried off with force and arms, namely, swords, pistols, bludgeons, daggers, and staves, fifty cartloads of trunks, fifty cartloads of bark, fifty cartloads of loppings, and fifty cartloads of toppings.

This was a complete enigma to Mr Forester; and his surprise was increased when, on reading further, he found that Miss Melincourt, of Melincourt Castle, was implicated in the affair, as having aided and abetted Sir Oran in devastating the pine-

grove, and carrying it off by cart-loads with force and arms.

It immediately occurred to him that the best mode he could adopt of elucidating the mystery would be to call on Miss Melincourt, whom, besides, Sir Telegraph's enthusiastic description had given him some curiosity to see; and the present appeared a favourable opportunity to indulge it.

He therefore asked Mr Fax if he were disposed for a very long walk. Mr Fax expressed a cordial assent to the proposal, and no time was lost in preparation.

Mr Forester, though he had built stables for the accommodation of his occasional visitors, kept no horses himself, for reasons which will appear hereafter.

They set forth accordingly, accompanied by Sir Oran, who joined them without waiting for an invitation.

"We shall see Sir Telegraph Paxarett," said Mr Forester, "and, perhaps, his phœnix, Miss Melincourt."

Mr Fax.—If a woman be the object, and a lover's eyes the medium, I should say there is nothing in nature so easily found as a phœnix.

Mr Forester.—My eyes have no such magical property. I am not a lover, it is true, but it is because I have never found a phœnix.

Mr Fax.—But you have one in your mind, a *beau idéal*, I doubt not.

Mr Forester.—Not too ideal to exclude the

possible existence of its material archetype, though I have never found it yet.

Mr Fax.—You will, however, find a female who has some one at least of the qualities of your imaginary damsel, and that one quality will serve as a peg on which your imagination will suspend all the others. This is the usual process of mental hallucination. A little truth forms the basis, and the whole superstructure is falsehood.

Mr Forester.—I shall guard carefully against such self-deception; though, perhaps, a beautiful chimera is better than either a hideous reality or a vast and formless void.

Mr Fax.—As an instrument of transitory pleasure, probably; but very far from it as a means of permanent happiness, which is only consistent with perfect mental tranquillity, which again is only consistent with the calm and dispassionate contemplation of truth.

Mr Forester.—What say you, then, to the sentiment of Voltaire?—

> Le raisonneur tristement s'accrédite :
> On court, dit on, après la vérité,
> Ah ! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.

Mr Fax.—You will scarcely coincide with such a sentiment, when you consider how much this doctrine of happy errors, and pleasing illusions, and salutary prejudices, has tended to rivet the chains of superstition on the necks of the grovelling multitude.

Mr Forester.—And yet, if you take the colouring

of imagination from the objects of our mental perception, and pour the full blaze of daylight into all the dark recesses of selfishness and cunning, I am afraid a refined and enthusiastic benevolence will find little to interest or delight in the contemplation of the human world.

Mr Fax.—That should rather be considered the consequence of morbid feelings, and exaggerated expectations of society and human nature. It is the false colouring in which youthful enthusiasm depicts the scenes of futurity that throws the gloom of disappointment so deeply on their actual presence. You have formed to yourself, as you acknowledge, a visionary model of female perfection, which has rendered you utterly insensible to the real attractions of every woman you have seen. This exaggerated imagination loses more than it gains. It has not made a fair calculation of the mixture of good and evil in every constituent portion of the world of reality. It has utterly excluded the latter from the objects of its hope, and has magnified the former into such gigantic proportions, that the real goodness and beauty, which would be visible and delightful to simpler optics, vanish into imperceptibility in the infinity of their diminution.

Mr Forester.—I desire no phantasm of abstract perfection—no visionary creation of a romantic philosophy: I seek no more than I know to have existed—than, I doubt not, does exist, though in such lamentable rarity, that the calculations of

probability make the search little better than desperate. I would have a woman that can love and feel poetry, not only in its harmony and decorations, which limit the admiration of ordinary mortals, but in the deep sources of love, and liberty, and truth, which are its only legitimate springs, and without which, well-turned periods and glittering images are nothing more nor less than the vilest and most mischievous tinsel. She should be musical, but she should have music in her soul as well as her fingers: her voice and her touch should have no one point in common with that mechanical squalling and jingling which are commonly dignified with the insulted name of music: they should be modes of the harmony of her mind.

Mr Fax.—I do not very well understand that; but I think I have a glimpse of your meaning. Pray proceed.

Mr Forester.—She should have charity—not penny charity—

Mr Fax.—I hope not.

Mr Forester. — But a liberal discriminating practical philanthropy, that can select with justice the objects of its kindness, and give that kindness a form of permanence equally delightful and useful to its object and to society, by increasing the aggregate mass of intelligence and happiness.

Mr Fax.—Go on.

Mr Forester.—She should have no taste for what are called public pleasures. Her pleasures

should be bounded in the circle of her family, and a few, a very few congenial friends, her books, her music, her flowers—she should delight in flowers —the uninterrupted cheerfulness of domestic concord, the delightful effusions of unlimited confidence. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, boundaries of the valley of her dwelling, she should be content to look on as the boundaries of the world.

Mr Fax.—Anything more?

Mr Forester.—She should have a clear perception of the beauty of truth. Every species of falsehood, even in sportiveness, should be abhorrent to her. The simplicity of her thoughts should shine through the ingenuousness of her words. Her testimony should convey as irresistible conviction as the voice of the personified nature of things. And this ingenuousness should comprise, in its fullest extent, that perfect conformity of feelings and opinions which ought to be the most common, but is unfortunately the most rare, of the qualities of the female mind.

Mr Fax.—You say nothing of beauty.

Mr Forester.—As to what is usually called beauty, mere symmetry of form and features, it would be an object with me in purchasing a statue, but none whatever in choosing a wife. Let her countenance be the mirror of such qualities as I have described, and she cannot be otherwise than beautiful. I think with the Athenians, that beauty and goodness are inseparable. I need not remind you of the perpetual καλος κἀγαθος.

Mr Fax. — You have said nothing of the principal, and, indeed, almost the only usual consideration in marriage—fortune.

Mr Forester.—I am rich enough myself to dispense with such considerations. Even were I not so, I doubt if worldly wisdom would ever influence me to bend my knee with the multitude at the shrine of the omnipotence of money. Nothing is more uncertain, more transient, more perishable, than riches. How many prudent marriages of interest and convenience were broken to atoms by the French revolution! Do you think there was one couple, among all those calculating characters, that acted in those trying times like Louvet and his Lodoiska?* But without looking to periods of public convulsion, in no state of society is any individual secure against the changes of fortune. What becomes of those ill-assorted unions, which have no basis but money, when, as is very often the case, the money departs, and the persons remain? The qualities of the heart and of the mind are alone out of the power of accident; and by these, and these only, shall I be guided in the choice of the companion of my life.

Mr Fax.—Are there no other indispensable qualities that you have omitted in your enumeration?

Mr Forester.—None, I think, but such as are implied in those I have mentioned, and must necessarily be co-existent with them: an endearing

* See Louvet's "Récit de mes Périls."

sensibility, an agreeable cheerfulness, and that serenity of temper which is truly the balm of being, and the absence of which, in the intercourse of domestic life, obliterates all the radiance of beauty, all the splendour of talent, and all the dignity of virtue.

Mr Fax. — I presume, then, you seriously purpose to marry, when you can find such a woman as this you have described?

Mr Forester.—Seriously I do.

Mr Fax.—And not till then?

Mr Forester.—Certainly not.

Mr Fax.—Then your present heir presumptive has nothing to fear for his reversion.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

"WE shall presently," said Mr Fax, as they pursued their walk, "come in sight of a cottage, which I remarked two years ago: a deplorable habitation! A picture of its exterior and interior suspended in some public place, in every town in the kingdom, with a brief commentary subjoined, would operate *in terrorem* in favour of the best interests of political economy, by placing before the eyes of the rising generation the lamentable consequences of imprudent marriage, and the necessary result of attachment, of which romance is the foundation, and marriage the super-structure, without the only cement which will make it wind and water tight — money."

Mr Forester. — Nothing but money! The resemblance Fluellen found between Macedon and Monmouth, because both began with an M, holds equally true of money and marriage: but there seems to be a much stronger connection in the latter case; for marriage is but a body, of which money is the soul.

Mr Fax.—It is so. It must be so. The constitution of society imperiously commands it to be so. The world of reality is not the world of romance. When a lover talks of lips of coral, teeth of pearl, tresses of gold, and eyes of diamonds, he knows all the while that he is lying by wholesale; and that no baker in England would give him credit for a penny roll on all this display of his Utopian treasury. All the aerial castles that are founded in the contempt of worldly prudence, have not half the solidity of the cloud-built towers that surround the setting of the autumnal sun.

Mr Forester.—I maintain, on the contrary, that, *let all possible calamities be accumulated on two affectionate and congenial spirits, they will find more true happiness in weeping together than they would have found in all the riches of the world, poisoned by the disunion of hearts.**

Mr Fax.—The disunion of hearts is an evil of another kind. It is not a comparison of evils I wish to institute. That two rich people fettered by the indissoluble bond of marriage, and hating each other cordially, are two as miserable animals as any on the face of the earth, is certain; but that two poor ones, let them love each other ever so fondly, starving together in a garret, are therefore in a less positively wretched condition, is an inference which no logic, I think, can deduce. For the picture you must draw in your mind's eye, is

* Rosseau, Emile, liv. 5.

not that of a neatly-dressed, young, healthy-looking couple, weeping in each other's arms in a clean, however homely cottage, in a fit of tender sympathy; but you must surround them with all the squalid accompaniments of poverty, rags, and famine, the contempt of the world, the dereliction of friends, half a dozen hungry squalling children, all clothed perhaps in the cutting up of an old blanket, duns in presence, bailiffs in prospect, and the long perspective of hopelessness closed by the work-house or the gaol.

Mr Forester.—You imagine an extreme case, which something more than the original want of fortune seems requisite to produce.

Mr Fax.—I have heard you declaim very bitterly against those who maintain the necessary connection between misfortune and imprudence.

Mr Forester.—Certainly. To assert that the unfortunate must necessarily have been imprudent, is to furnish an excuse to the cold-hearted and illiberal selfishness of a state of society, which needs no motive superadded to its own miserable narrow-mindedness, to produce the almost total extinction of benevolence and sympathy. Good and evil fortune depend so much on the combinations of external circumstances, that the utmost skill and industry cannot command success; neither is the result of the most imprudent actions always fatal:

> Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well,
> When our deep plots do pall.*

* "L'issue aucthorise souvent une très-inepte conduitte.

Mr Fax.—Sometimes, no doubt; but not so often as to equalise the probable results of indiscretion and prudence. "Where there is prudence," says Juvenal, "fortune is powerless;" and this doctrine, though liable to exceptions, is replete with general truth. We have a nice balance to adjust. To check the benevolence of the rich, by persuading them that all misfortune is the result of imprudence, is a great evil; but it would be a much greater evil to persuade the poor, that indiscretion may have a happier result than prudence; for where this appears to be true in one instance, it is manifestly false in a thousand. It is certainly not enough to possess industry and talent; there must be means for exerting them; and in a redundant population these means are often wanting, even to the most skilful and the most industrious: but though calamity sometimes seizes those who use their best efforts to avoid her, yet she seldom

Nostre entremise n'est quasy qu'une routine, et plus communement consideration d'usage et d'exemple que de raison. . . . . L'heur et la malheur sont à mon gré deux souveraines puissances. C'est imprudence d'estimer que l'humaine prudence puisse remplir le roolle de la fortune. Et vaine est l'entreprinse de celuy qui presume, d'embrasser et causes et consequences, et meiner par la main le progrez de son faict. . . . . Qu'on reguarde qui sont les plus puissans aux villes, et qui font mieulx leurs besongnes, on trouvera ordinairement que ce sont les moins habiles. . . . . Nous attribuons les effects de leur bonne fortune à leur prudence. . . . . Parquoy je dy bien, en toutes façons, que les evenements sont maigres tesmoings de nostre prix et capacite."—MONTAIGNE, liv. iii. chap 8.

disappoints the intentions of those who leap headlong into her arms.

Mr Forester.—It seems, nevertheless, peculiarly hard, that all the blessings of life should be confined to the rich. If you banish the smiles of love from the cottage of poverty what remains to cheer its dreariness? The poor man has no friends, no amusements, no means of exercising benevolence, nothing to fill up the gloomy and desolate vacancy of his heart, if you banish love from his dwelling. "There is one alone, and there is not a second," says one of the greatest poets and philosophers of antiquity: "there is one alone, and there is not a second: yea he hath neither child nor brother; yet is there no end of all his labour: . . . . . neither saith he, For whom do I labour and bereave my soul of good? . . . . . Two are better than one . . . . . for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up." * Society in poverty is better than solitude in wealth; but solitude and poverty together, it is scarcely in human nature to tolerate.

Mr Fax.—This, if I remember rightly, is the cottage of which I was speaking.

The cottage was ruined and uninhabited. The roof had fallen in. The garden was choked with weeds. "What," said Mr Fax, "can have become of its unfortunate inhabitants?"

Mr Forester.—What were they?

* Ecclesiastes, chap. iv.

Mr Fax.—A couple for whom nature had done much, and fortune nothing. I took shelter in their cottage from a passing storm. The picture which you called the imagination of an extreme case, falls short of the reality of what I witnessed here. It was the utmost degree of misery and destitution compatible with the preservation of life. A casual observer might have passed them by, as the most abject of the human race. But their physiognomy showed better things. It was with the utmost difficulty I could extract a word from either of them: but when I at last succeeded I was astonished, in garments so mean and a dwelling so deplorable, to discover feelings so generous and minds so enlightened. The semblance of human sympathy seemed strange to them; little of it as you may suppose could be discovered through my saturnine complexion, and the habitual language of what you call my frosty philosophy. By degrees I engaged their confidence, and he related to me his history, which I will tell you as nearly as I can remember, in his own words.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESMOND.

MY name is Desmond. My father was a naval officer, who in the prime of life was compelled by wounds to retire from the service on his half-pay, and a small additional pension. I was his only son, and he submitted to the greatest personal privations, to procure me a liberal education, in the hope that by these means he should live to see me making my way in the world: but he always accompanied his wishes for this consummation, with a hope that I should consider money as a means, and not as an end, and that I should remember the only real treasures of human existence were truth, health, and liberty. You will not wonder, that, with such principles, the father had been twenty years a lieutenant, and that the son was looked on at College as a fellow that would come to nothing.

I profited little at the University, as you will easily suppose. The system of education pursued there, appeared to me the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the human understanding, a

mighty effort of political and ecclesiastical machiavelism, to turn the energies of enquiring minds into channels, where they will either stagnate in disgust, or waste themselves in nugatory labour. To discover or even to illustrate a single moral truth, to shake the empire of a single prejudice, to apply a single blow of the axe of philosophy to the wide-spreading roots of superstition and political imposture, is to render a real service to the best hopes of mankind; but all this is diametrically opposed to the selfish interests of the hired misleaders of society, the chosen few, as they are called, before whom the wretched multitude grovel in the dust as before

> The children of a race,
> Mightier than they, and wiser, and by heaven
> Beloved and favoured more.

Moral science, therefore, moral improvement, the doctrines of benevolence, the amelioration of the general condition of mankind, will not only never form a part of any public institution, for the performance of that ridiculous and mischievous farce called the *Finishing of Education;* but every art of clerical chicanery and fraudulent misrepresentation will be practised, to render odious the very names of philosophy and philanthropy, and to extinguish, by ridicule and persecution, that enthusiastic love of truth, which never fails to conduct its votaries to conclusions very little compatible with the views of those who have built, or intend to build, their own worldly pro-

sperity, on the foundation of hypocrisy and servility in themselves, and ignorance and credulity in others.

The study of morals and of mind occupied my exclusive attention. I had little taste for the science of lines and numbers, and still less for verbal criticism, the pinnacle of academical glory.

I delighted in the poets of Greece and Rome, but I thought that the *igneus vigor et cœlestis origo* of their conceptions and expressions was often utterly lost sight of, in the microscopic inspection of philological minutiæ. I studied Greek, as the means of understanding Homer and Æschylus: I did not look on them as mere secondary instruments to the attainment of a knowledge of their language. I had no conception of the taste that could prefer Lycophron to Sophocles, because he had the singular advantage of being obscure; and should have been utterly at a loss to account for such a phenomenon, if I had not seen that the whole system of public education was purposely calculated to make inferior minds recoil in disgust and terror from the vestibule of knowledge, and superior minds consume their dangerous energies in the *difficiles nugæ* and *labor ineptiarum* of its adytum.

I did not *finish*, as it is called, my college *education*. My father's death compelled me to leave it before the expiration of the usual period, at the end of which the same distinction is conferred on all capacities, by the academical noometry, not of

merit but of time. I found myself almost destitute; but I felt the consciousness of talents, that I doubted not would amply provide for me in that great centre of intellect and energy, London. To London I accordingly went, and became a boarder in the humble dwelling of a widow, who maintained herself and an only daughter by the perilous and precarious income derived from lodgers.

My first application was to a bookseller in Bond Street, to whom I offered the copyright of a treatise on the Elements of Morals. "My dear sir," said he, with an air of supercilious politeness, "only take the trouble of sitting a few hours in my shop, and if you detect any one of my customers in the act of pronouncing the word *morals*, I will give any price you please to name for your copyright." But, glancing over the manuscript, "I perceive," said he, "there are some smart things here; and though they are good for nothing where they are, they would cut a pretty figure in a Review. My friend Mr Vamp, the editor, is in want of a hand for the moral department of his Review: I will give you a note to him." I thanked him for his kindness, and, furnished with the note, proceeded to the lodgings of Mr Vamp, whom I found in an elegant first floor, lounging over a large quarto, which he was marking with a pencil. A number of books and pamphlets, and fragments of both curiously cut up, were scattered on the table before him, together with a large pot of paste, and an enormous pair of scissors.

He received me with great hauteur, read the note, and said, "Mr Foolscap has told you we are in want of a hand, and he thinks you have a turn in the moral line: I shall not be sorry if it prove so, for we have been very ill provided in that way a long while; and though morals are not much in demand among our patrons and customers, and will not do, by any means, for a standing dish, they make, nevertheless, a very pretty seasoning for our politics, in cases where they might otherwise be rather unpalatable and hard of digestion. You see this pile of pamphlets, these volumes of poetry, and this rascally quarto: all these, though under very different titles, and the productions of very different orders of mind, have, either openly or covertly, only one object; and a most impertinent one it is. This object is two-fold: first, to prove the existence, to an immense extent, of what these writers think proper to denominate political corruption; secondly, to convince the public that this corruption ought to be extinguished. Now, we are anxious to do away the effect of all these incendiary clamours. As to the existence of corruption (it is a villanous word, by-the-by—we call it *persuasion in a tangible shape*): as to the existence, then, of *persuasion in a tangible shape*, we do not wish to deny it; on the contrary, we have no hesitation in affirming that it is *as notorious as the sun at noonday:* but as to the inference that it ought to be extinguished —that is the point against which we direct the

full fire of our critical artillery; we maintain that it ought to exist; and here is the leading article of our next number, in which we confound in one mass all these obnoxious publications, putting the weakest at the head of the list, that if any of our readers should feel inclined to judge for themselves (I must do them the credit to say I do not suspect many of them of such a democratical propensity), they may be stopped *in limine*, by finding very little temptation to proceed. The political composition of this article is beautiful: it is the production of a gentleman high in office, who is indebted to *persuasion in a tangible shape*, for his present income of several thousands per annum; but it wants, as I have hinted, a little moral seasoning; and there, as ill-luck will have it, we are all thrown out. We have several reverend gentlemen in our corps, but morals are unluckily quite out of their way. We have, on some occasions, with their assistance, substituted theology for morals: they manage this very cleverly, but I am sorry to say, it only takes among the old women; and though the latter are our best and most numerous customers, yet we have some very obstinate and hard-headed readers who will not, as I have observed, swallow our politics without a little moral seasoning; and, as I told Mr Foolscap, if we did not contrive to pick up a spice of morals somewhere or other, all the eloquence of *persuasion in a tangible shape* would soon become of little avail. Now, if you will

undertake the seasoning of this article in such a manner as to satisfy my employers, I will satisfy you: you understand me."

I observed, that I hoped he would allow me the free exercise of my own opinion; and that I should wish to season his article in such a manner as to satisfy myself, which I candidly told him would not be in such a manner as seemed likely to satisfy him.

On this he flew into a rage, and vowed vengeance against Mr Foolscap for having sent him a Jacobin. I strenuously disclaimed this appellation; and being then quite a novice in the world, I actually endeavoured to reason with him, as if the conviction of general right and wrong could have any influence upon him; but he stopped me short, by saying, that till I could reason him out of his pension, I might spare myself the trouble of interfering with his opinions; as the logic from which they were deduced had presented itself to him in a much more *tangible shape* than any abstract notions of truth and liberty. He had thought, from Mr Foolscap's letter, that I had a talent for moral theory, and that I was inclined to turn it to account; as for moral practice, he had nothing to do with it, desired to know nothing about it, and wished me a good-morning.

I was not yet discouraged, and made similar applications to the editors and proprietors of several daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications, but I found everywhere the same

indifference or aversion to general principles, the same partial and perverted views: everyone was the organ of some division or subdivision of a faction; and had entrenched himself in a narrow circle, within the pale of which all was honour, consistency, integrity, generosity, and justice; while all without it was villany, hypocrisy, selfishness, corruption, and lies. Not being inclined to imprison myself in any one of these magical rings, I found all my interviews terminate like that with Mr Vamp.

By the advice and introduction of a college acquaintance, I accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Mr Dross, a wealthy citizen, who had acquired a large fortune by contracts with Government, in the execution of which he had not forgotten to charge for his vote and interest. His conscience, indeed, of all the commodities he dealt in, was that which he had brought to the best market; though, among his more fair dealing, and consequently poorer neighbours, it was thought he had made the ministry pay too dearly for so very rotten an article. They seemed not to be aware that a corrupt administration estimates conscience and Stilton cheese by the same criterion, and that its rottenness was its recommendation.

Mr Dross was a tun of man, with the soul of a hazel-nut: his wife was a tun of woman, without any soul whatever. The principle that animated her bulk was composed of three ingredients—arrogance, ignorance, and the pride of money.

They were, in every sense of the word, what the world calls respectable people.

Mrs Dross aspired to be *somebody*, aped the nobility, and gave magnificent routs, which were attended by many noble personages, and by all that portion of the fashionable world that will go anywhere for a crowd and a supper.

Their idea of virtue consisted in having no debts, going regularly to church, and feeding the parson; their idea of charity, in paying the poor-rates, and putting down their names to public subscriptions: and they had a profound contempt for every species of learning, which they associated indissolubly with rags and famine, and with that neglect of the main chance, which they regarded as the most deadly of all deadly sins. But as they had several hopeful children, and as Mrs Dross found it was fashionable to have a governess and a *tutorer*, they had looked out for two pieces of human furniture under these denominations, and my capricious destiny led me to their splendid dwelling in the latter capacity.

I found the governess, Miss Pliant, very admirably adapted to her situation. She did not presume to have a will of her own. Suspended like Mahomet's coffin between the mistress and the housekeeper, despising the one, and despised by the other, her mind seemed unconscious of its vacancy, and her heart of its loneliness. She had neither feelings nor principles, either of good or ill: perfectly selfish, perfectly cold-hearted, and

perfectly obsequious, she was contented with her situation, because it seemed likely to lead to an advantageous establishment; for if ever she thought of marriage, it was only in the light of a system of bargain, in which youth and beauty were very well disposed of when bartered for age and money. She was highly accomplished: a very scientific musician, without any soul in her performance; a most skilful copier of landscapes, without the least taste for the beauties of nature; and a proficient in French grammar, though she had read no book in that language but *Telemaque*, and hated the names of Rousseau and Voltaire, because she had heard them called rascals by her father, who had taken his opinion on trust from the Reverend Mr Simony, who had never read a page of either of them.

I very soon found that I was regarded as an upper servant—as a person of more pretension, but less utility, than the footman. I was expected to be really more servile, in mind especially. If I presumed to differ in opinion from Mr or Mrs Dross, they looked at each other and at me with the most profound astonishment, wondering at so much audacity in one of their moveables. I really envied the footman, living as he did among his equals, where he might have his own opinion, as far as he was capable of forming one, and express it without reserve or fear; while all my thoughts were to be those of a mirror, and my motions those of an automaton. I soon saw that I had

but the choice of alternatives: either to mould myself into a slave, liar, and hypocrite, or to take my leave of Mr Dross. I therefore embraced the latter, and determined from that moment never again to live under the roof of a superior, if my own dwelling were to be the most humble and abject of human habitations.

I returned to my old lodgings, and, after a short time, procured some employment in the way of copying for a lawyer. My labour was assiduous, and my remuneration scanty; but my habits were simple, my evenings were free, and in the daughter of the widow with whom I lodged I found a congenial mind: a desire for knowledge, an ardent love of truth, and a capacity that made my voluntary office of instruction at once easy and delightful.

The widow died embarrassed: her creditors seized her effects, and her daughter was left destitute. I was her only friend: to every other human being, not only her welfare, but even her existence, were matters of total indifference. The course of necessity seemed to have thrown her on my protection, and if I before loved her, I now regarded her as a precious trust, confided to me by her evil fate. Call it what you may—imprudence, madness, frenzy—we were married.

The lawyer who employed me had chosen his profession very injudiciously, for he was an honest and benevolent man. He interested himself for me, acquainted himself with my circumstances,

and without informing me of his motives, increased my remuneration; though, as I afterwards found, he could very ill afford to do so. By this means we lived twelve months in comfort, I may say, considering the simplicity of our habits, in prosperity. The birth of our first child was an accession to our domestic happiness. We had no pleasures beyond the limits of our humble dwelling. Our circumstances and situation were much below the ordinary level of those of well-educated people: we had, therefore, no society, but we were happy in each other: our evenings were consecrated to our favourite authors; and the din of the streets, the tumult of crowds and carriages thronging to parties of pleasure and scenes of public amusement, came to us like the roar of a stormy ocean on which we had neither wish nor power to embark.

One evening we were surprised by an unexpected visitor; it was the lawyer, my employer. "Desmond!" said he, "I am a ruined man. For having been too scrupulous to make beggars of others, I have a fair prospect of becoming one myself. You are shocked and astonished. Do not grieve on my account. I have neither wife nor children. Very trivial and very remediable is the evil that can happen to me. 'The valiant by himself, what can he suffer?' You will think a lawyer has as little business with poetry as he has with justice. Perhaps so. I have been too partial to both."

I was glad to see him so cheerful, and expressed

a hope that his affairs would take a better turn than he seemed to expect. "You shall know more," said he, "in a few days; in the meantime, here are the arrears I owe you."

When he came again, he said: "My creditors are neither numerous nor cruel. I have made over to them all my property, but they allow me to retain possession of a small house in Westmoreland, with an annuity for my life, sufficient to maintain me in competence. I could propose a wild scheme to you if I thought you would not be offended."

"That," said I, "I certainly will not, propose what you may."

"Tell me," said he, "which do you think the most useful and uncontaminating implement, the quill or the spade?"

"The spade," said I, "generally speaking, unquestionably: the quill in some most rare and solitary instances."

"In the hand of Homer and Plutarch, of Seneca and Tacitus, of Shakespeare and Rousseau? I am not speaking of them, or of those who, however humbly, reflect their excellencies. But in the hands of the slaves of commerce, the minions of law, the venal advocates of superstition, the sycophants of corruption, the turnspits of literature, the paragraph-mongers of prostituted journals, the hireling compounders of party-praise and censure, under the name of periodical criticism, what say you to it?"

"What can I say," said I, "but that it is the curse of society, and the bane of the human mind?"

"And yet," said he, "in some of these ways must you employ it, if you wish to live by it. Literature is not the soil in which truth and liberty can flourish, unless their cultivators be independent of the world. Those who are not so, whatever be the promise of their beginning, will end either in sycophants or beggars. As mere mechanical instruments, in pursuits unconnected with literature, what say you to the comparison?"

"What Cincinnatus would have said," I answered.

"I am glad," said he, "to hear it. You are not one of the multitude, neither, I believe, am I. I embraced my profession, I assure you, from very disinterested motives. I considered that, the greater the powers of mischief with which that profession is armed, and, I am sorry to add, the practice of mischief in the generality of its professors, the greater might be the scope of philanthropy, in protecting weakness and counteracting oppression. Thus I have passed my life in an attempt to reconcile philanthropy and law. I had property sufficient to enable me to try the experiment. The natural consequence is, my property has vanished. I do not regret it, for I have done some good. But I can do no more. My power is annulled. I must retire from the stage of life. If I retire alone, I must have

servants; I had much rather have friends. If you will accompany me to Westmoreland, we will organise a little republic of our own. Your wife shall be our housekeeper. We will cultivate our garden. We shall want little more, and that my annuity will amply supply. We will select a few books, and we will pronounce eternal banishment on pen and ink."

I could not help smiling at the earnestness with which he pronounced the last clause. The change of a lawyer into a Roman republican appeared to me as miraculous as any metamorphosis in Ovid. Not to weary you with details, we carried this scheme into effect, and passed three years of natural and healthy occupation, with perfect simplicity and perfect content. They were the happiest of our lives. But at the end of this period our old friend died. His annuity died with him. He left me his heir, but his habitation and its furniture were all he had to leave. I procured a tenant for the house, and we removed to this even yet more humble dwelling. The difference of the rent, a very trifling sum indeed, constituted our only income. The increase of our family, and the consequent pressure of necessity, compelled us to sell the house. From the same necessity we have become strict Pythagoreans. I do not complain that we live hardly: it is almost wonderful that we live at all. The produce of our little garden preserves us from famine: but this is all it does. I consider myself a mere rustic,

and very willingly engage in agricultural labour, when the neighbouring farmers think proper to employ me: but they feel no deficiency of abler hands. There are more labourers than means of labour. In the cities it is the same. If all the modes of human occupation in this kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, were to require at once a double number of persons, there would not remain one of them twelve hours unfilled.

With what views could I return to London? Of the throng continually pressing onward, to spring into the vacancies of employment, the foremost ranks are unfortunately composed of the selfish, the servile, the intriguing; of those to whose ideas general justice is a chimæra, liberty an empty name, and truth at best a verbal veil for the sycophantic falsehood of a mercenary spirit. To what end could a pupil of the ancient Romans mingle with such a multitude? To cringe, to lie, to flatter? To bow to the insolence of wealth, the superciliousness of rank, the contumely of patronage, that, while it exacts the most abject mental prostration, in return for promises never meant to be performed, despises the servility it fosters, and laughs at the credulity it betrays?

The wheel of fortune is like a water-wheel, and human beings are like the waters it disturbs. Many are thrown into the channels of action, many are thrown back to be lost for ever in the stream. I am one of the latter: but I shall not consider it disgraceful to me that I am so, till I

see that candour, simplicity, integrity, and intellectual power, directed by benevolence and liberty, have a better claim to worldly estimation, than either venal talent prostituted to the wages of corruption, or ignorance, meanness, and imbecility, exalted by influence and interest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COTTAGE.

MR FAX *(in continuation)*.—"I cannot help thinking," said I, when Desmond had done speaking, "that you have formed too hasty an estimate of the world. Mr Vamp and Mr Dross are bad specimens of human nature: but there are many good specimens of it in both those classes of men. The world is, indeed, full of prejudices and superstitions, which produce ample profit to their venal advocates, who consequently want neither the will nor the power to calumniate and persecute the enlightened and the virtuous. The rich, too, are usually arrogant and exacting, and those feelings will never perish for want of sycophants to nourish them. An ardent love of truth and liberty will, therefore, always prove an almost insuperable barrier to any great degree of worldly advancement. A celebrated divine, who turned his theological morality to very excellent account, and died *en bonne odeur*, used to say, *he could not afford to have a conscience, for it was the most expensive luxury a man could indulge in.* So

it certainly is: but, though a conscientious man who has his own way to make in the world, will very seldom flourish in the sunshine of prosperity, it is not, therefore, necessary that he should sit quietly down and starve." He said he would think of it, and if he could find any loop-hole in the great feudal fortress of society, at which poverty and honesty could creep in together, he would try to effect an entrance. I made more particular inquiry into their circumstances, and they at length communicated to me, but with manifest reluctance, that they were in imminent danger of being deprived of their miserable furniture, and turned out of their wretched habitation, by Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, their landlord, for arrears of rent amounting to five pounds.

Mr Forester.—Which, of course, you paid?

Mr Fax.—I did so: but I do not see that it is of course.

Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran were still leaning over the gate of the cottage, when a peasant came whistling along the road. "Pray, my honest friend," said Mr Fax, "can you inform me what has become of the family which inhabited this cottage two years ago?"—"Ye'll voind them," said the peasant, "about a mile vurther an, just by the lake's edge like, wi' two large elms by the door, and a vir tree." He resumed his tune and his way.

The philosophical trio proceeded on their walk.

Mr Forester.—You have said little of his wife.

Mr Fax.—She was an interesting creature. With her the feelings of misfortune had subsided into melancholy silence, while with him they broke forth in misanthropical satire.

Mr Forester.—And their children?

Mr Fax.—They would have been fine children, if they had been better clothed and fed.

Mr Forester.—Did they seem to repent their marriage?

Mr Fax.—Not for themselves. They appeared to have no wish but to live and die together. For their children, indeed, I could easily perceive they felt more grief than they expressed.

Mr Forester.—You have scarcely made out your case. Poverty had certainly come in at the door, but Love does not seem to have flown out at the window. You would not have prevailed on them to separate at the price of living in palaces. The energy of intellect was not deadened; the independence of spirit was not broken. The participation of love communicates a luxury to sorrow, that all the splendour of selfishness can never bestow. If, as has been said, a friend is more valuable than the elements of fire and water, how much more valuable must be the one only associate, the more than friend, to him whom in affliction and in poverty all other friends have abandoned! If the sun shines equally on the palace and the cottage, why should not love, the sun of the intellectual world, shine equally on both? More needful, indeed, is its genial light to the latter, where there is no

worldly splendour to diminish or divide its radiance.

With a sudden turn of the road, a scene of magnificent beauty burst upon their view: the still expanse of a lake, bordered with dark precipices and fading woods, and mountains rising above them, height on height, till the clouds rested on their summits. A picturesque tourist had planted his travelling-chair under the corner of a rock, and was intently occupied in sketching the scene. The process attracted Sir Oran's curiosity: he walked up to the tourist, who was too deeply engaged to notice his approach, and peeped over his shoulder. Sir Oran, after looking at the picture, then at the landscape, then at the picture, then at the landscape again, at length suddenly expressed his delight in a very loud and very singular shout, close in the painter's ear, that re-echoed from rock to rock. The tourist sprang up in violent alarm, and seeing the extraordinary physiognomy of the personage at his elbow, drew a sudden conclusion of evil intentions, and ran off with great rapidity, leaving all his apparatus behind him. Sir Oran sat down in the artist's seat, took up the drawing utensils, placed the unfinished drawing on his knee, and sat in an attitude of deep contemplation, as if meditating on the means to be pursued for doing the same thing himself.

The flying tourist encountered Messieurs Fax and Forester, who had observed the transaction, and were laughing at it as heartily as Democritus

himself could have done. They tranquillized his apprehensions, and led him back to the spot. Sir Oran, on a hint from his friend Mr Forester, rose, made the tourist a polite bow, and restored to him his beloved portfolio. They then wished him a good-morning, and left him in a state of nervous trepidation, which made it very obvious that he would draw no more that day.

Mr Fax.—Can Sir Oran draw?

Mr Forester.—No: but I think he would easily acquire the art. It is very probable that in the nation of the Orans, which I take to be *a barbarous nation, that has not yet learned the use of speech,** drawing, as a means of communicating ideas, may be in no contemptible state of forwardness.†

* *Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

† "I have endeavoured to support the ancient definition of man, and to show that it belongs to the oran outang, though he have not the use of speech. And indeed it appears surprising to me that any man, pretending to be a philosopher, should not be satisfied with the expression of intelligence in the most useful way for the purposes of life; I mean by actions; but should require likewise the expression of them, by those signs of arbitrary institution we call *words*, before they will allow an animal to deserve the name of *man*. Suppose that, upon inquiry, it should be found that the oran outangs have not only invented the art of building huts, and of attacking and defending with sticks, *but also have contrived a way of communicating to the absent, and recording their ideas by the method of painting or drawing*, as is practised by many barbarous nations (and the supposition is not at all impossible, or even improbable); and suppose they should have contrived some form of government, and should elect kings or rulers, which is possible,

Mr Fax.—He has, of course, seen many drawings since he has been among civilized men: what so peculiarly delighted and surprised him in this?

Mr Forester.—I suspect this is the first opportunity he has had of comparing the natural original with the artificial copy; and his delight was excited by seeing the vast scene before him transferred so accurately into so small a compass, and growing, as it were, into a distinct identity under the hand of the artist.

They now arrived at the elms and the fir-tree, which the peasant had pointed out as the landmarks of the dwelling of Desmond. They were surprised to see a very pretty cottage, standing in the midst of a luxuriant garden, one part of which sloped down to the edge of the lake. Everything bore the air of comfort and competence. They almost doubted if the peasant had been correct in his information. Three rosy children, plainly but neatly dressed, were sitting on the edge of the shallow water, watching with intense delight and interest the manœuvres of a paper flotilla, which they had committed to the mercy of the waves.

Mr Fax.—What is the difference between these children and Xerxes on the shores of Salamis?

and, according to the information of the Bristol merchant above mentioned, is reported to be actually the case, what would Mr Buffon then say? Must they still be accounted brutes, because they have not yet fallen upon the method of communication by articulate sounds?"—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

Mr Forester.—None, but that where they have pure and unmingled pleasure, his feelings began in selfish pride, and ended in slavish fear: their amusement is natural and innocent; his was unnatural, cruel, and destructive, and therefore more unworthy of a rational being. *Better is a poor and wise child than a foolish king that will not be admonished.*

A female came from the cottage. Mr Fax recognized Mrs Desmond. He was surprised at the change in her appearance. Health and content animated her countenance. The simple neatness of her dress derived an appearance of elegance from its interesting wearer; contrary to the fashionable process, in which dress neither neat nor simple, but a heterogeneous mixture of all the fripperies of Europe, gives what the world calls elegance, where less partial nature has denied it. There are, in this respect, two classes of human beings: Nature makes the first herself, for the beauty of her own creation: her journeymen cut out the second for tailors and mantua-makers to finish. The first, when apparelled, may be called dressed people—the second, peopled dresses: the first bear the same relation to their clothes as an oak bears to its foliage—the second, the same as a wig-block bears to a wig: the first may be compared to cocoa-nuts, in which the kernel is more valuable than the shell—the second, to some varieties of the *Testaceous Mollusca*, where a shell of infinite value covers a stupid fish that is good for nothing.

Mrs Desmond recognized Mr Fax. "O Sir!" said she, "I rejoice to see you."—"And I rejoice," said Mr Fax, "to see you as you now are: Fortune has befriended you."—"You rendered us great service, sir, in our wretched condition; but the benefit, of course, was transient. With the next quarter-day Mr Litigate, our landlord, resumed his persecutions; and we should have been turned out of our wretched dwelling to perish in the roads, had not some happy accident made Miss Melincourt acquainted with our situation. To know what it was, and to make it what it is, were the same thing to her. So suddenly, when the extremity of evil was impending over us, to be placed in this little Paradise in competence—nay, to our simple habits, in affluence, and in such a manner, as if we were bestowing, not receiving favours——O sir, there cannot be two Miss Melincourts! But will you not walk in and take some refreshment?—we can offer you refreshment now. My husband is absent at present, but he will very soon return."

While she was speaking he arrived. Mr Fax congratulated him. At his earnest solicitation they entered the cottage, and were delighted with the beautiful neatness that predominated in every part of it. The three children ran in to see the strangers. Mr Forester took up the little girl, Mr Fax a boy, and Sir Oran Haut-ton another. The latter took alarm at the physiognomy of his new friend, and cried and kicked, and struggled for

release; but Sir Oran, producing a flute from his pocket, struck up a lively air, which reconciled the child, who then sat very quietly on his knee.

Some refreshment was placed before them, and Sir Oran testified, by a copious draught, that he found much virtue in home-brewed ale.

"There is a farm attached to this cottage," said Mr Desmond; "and Miss Melincourt, by having placed me in it, enabled me to maintain my family in comfort and independence, and to educate them in a free, healthy, and natural occupation. I have ever thought agriculture the noblest of human pursuits: to the theory and practice of it I now devote my whole attention, and I am not without hopes that the improvement of this part of my benefactress's estate will justify her generous confidence in a friendless stranger: but what can repay her benevolence?"

"I will answer for her," said Mr Forester, "though she is as yet personally unknown to me, that she loves benevolence for its own sake, and is satisfied with its consummation."

After a short conversation, and a promise soon to revisit the now happy family, Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton resumed their walk. Mr Forester, at parting, put, unobserved, into the hand of the little boy, a folded paper, telling him to give it to his father. It was a leaf which he had torn from his pocket-book: he had enclosed in it

a bank-note, and had written on it with a pencil, "Do not refuse to a stranger the happiness of reflecting that he has, however tardily and slightly, co-operated with Miss Melincourt in a work of justice."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIBRARY.

MR FORESTER, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton arrived at Melincourt Castle. They were shown into a parlour, where they were left alone a few minutes; when Mr Hippy made his appearance, and recognizing Sir Oran, shook hands with him very cordially. Mr Forester produced the letter he had received from Mr Ratstail, which Mr Hippy having read, vented a string of invectives against the impudent rascal, and explained the mystery of the adventure, though he seemed to think it strange that Sir Oran could not have explained it himself. Mr Forester shook his head significantly; and Mr Hippy, affecting to understand the gesture, exclaimed, "Ah! poor gentleman!" He then invited them to stay to dinner. "I won't be refused," said he; "I am lord and master of this castle at present, and here you shall stay till to-morrow. Anthy will be delighted to see her friend here" (bowing to Sir Oran, who returned it with great politeness), "and we will hold a council of war, how to deal with this

pair of puppies, Lawrence Litigate, Esquire, and Richard Ratstail, Solicitor. I have several visitors here already: lords, baronets, and squires, all Corydons, sighing for Anthy; but it seems *Love's Labour Lost* with all of them. However, love and wine, you know! Anthy won't give them the first, so I drench them with the second: there will be more bottles than hearts cracked in the business, for all Anthy's beauty. *Men die and worms eat them*, as usual, *but not for love.*

Mr Forester inquired for Sir Telegraph Paxarett. "An excellent fellow after dinner!" exclaimed Mr Hippy. "I never see him in the morning; nor any one else, but my rascal, Harry Fell, and now and then Harry Killquick. The moment breakfast is over, one goes one way, and another another. Anthy locks herself up in the library."

"Locks herself up in the library!" said Mr Fax: "a young lady, a beauty, and an heiress, in the nineteenth century, think of cultivating her understanding!"

"Strange, but true," said Mr Hippy; "and here am I, a poor invalid, left alone all the morning to prowl about the castle like a ghost; that is, when I am well enough to move, which is not always the case. But the library is opened at four, and the party assembles there before dinner; and as it is now about the time, come with me, and I will introduce you."

They followed Mr Hippy to the library, where they found Anthelia alone.

"Anthy," said Mr Hippy, after the forms of introduction, "do you know you are accused of laying waste a pine-grove, and carrying it off by cart-loads, with force and arms?"

Anthelia read Mr Ratstail's letter. "This is a very strange piece of folly," she said: "I hope it will not be a mischievous one." She then renewed the expressions of her gratitude to Sir Oran, and bade him welcome to Melincourt. Sir Oran bowed in silence.

"Folly and mischief," said Mr Fax, "are very nearly allied; and nowhere more conspicuously than in the forms of the law."

Mr Forester.—You have an admirable library, Miss Melincourt: and I judge from the great number of Italian books, you are justly partial to the poets of that exquisite language. The apartment itself seems singularly adapted to the genius of their poetry, which combines the magnificent simplicity of ancient Greece with the mysterious grandeur of the feudal ages. Those windows of stained glass would recall to an enthusiastic mind the attendant spirit of Tasso; and the waving of the cedars beyond, when the wind makes music in their boughs, with the birds singing in their shades and the softened dash of the torrent from the dingle below, might with little aid from fancy, be modulated into that exquisite combination of melody which flowed from the enchanted wood at the entrance of Rinaldo, and which Tasso has painted with a degree of harmony not less magical

than the music he describes. Italian poetry is all fairyland: I know not any description of literature so congenial to the tenderness and delicacy of the female mind, which, however opposite may be the tendency of modern education, Nature has most pre-eminently adapted to be "a mansion for all lovely forms: a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies."* Of these, Italian poetry is a most inexhaustible fountain; and for that reason I could wish it to be generally acknowledged a point of the very first importance in female education.

Anthelia.—You have a better opinion of the understandings of women, sir, than the generality of your lordly sex seems disposed to entertain.

Mr Forester. — The conduct of men, in this respect, is much like that of a gardener who should plant a plot of ground with merely ornamental flowers, and then pass sentence on the soil for not bearing substantial fruit. If women are treated only as pretty dolls, and dressed in all the fripperies of irrational education; if the vanity of personal adornment and superficial accomplishments be made from their very earliest years to suppress all mental aspirations, and to supersede all thoughts of intellectual beauty, is it to be inferred that they are incapable of better things? But such is the usual logic of tyranny, which first places its extinguisher on the flame, and then argues that it cannot burn.

Mr Fax.—Your remark is not totally just: for

* Woodsworth's Tintern Abbey.

though custom, how justly I will not say, banishes women from the fields of classical literature, yet the study of Italian poetry, of which you think so highly, is very much encouraged among them.

Mr Forester.—You should rather say it is not discouraged. They are permitted to know it: but in very few instances is the permission accompanied by any practical aid. The only points practically enforced in female education are sound, colour, and form,—music, dress, drawing, and dancing. The mind is left to take care of itself.

Mr Fax.—And has as much chance of doing so as a horse in a pound, circumscribed in the narrowest limits, and studiously deprived of nourishment.

Anthelia.—The simile is, I fear, too just. To think is one of the most unpardonable errors a woman can commit in the eyes of society. In our sex a taste for intellectual pleasures is almost equivalent to taking the veil; and though not absolutely a vow of perpetual celibacy, it has almost always the same practical tendency. In that universal system of superficial education which so studiously depresses the mind of women, a female who aspires to mental improvement will scarcely find in her own sex a congenial associate; and the other will regard her as an intruder on its prescriptive authority, its legitimate and divine right over the dominion of thought and reason: and the general consequence is, that she remains insulated between both, in more than cloistered

loneliness. Even in its effect on herself, the ideal beauty which she studies will make her fastidious, too fastidious, perhaps, to the world of realities, and deprive her of the happiness that might be her portion, by fixing her imagination on chimæras of unattainable excellence.

Mr Forester.—I can answer for men, Miss Melincourt, that there are some, many I hope, who can appreciate justly that most heavenly of earthly things, an enlightened female mind; whatever may be thought by the pedantry that envies, the foppery that fears, the folly that ridicules, or the wilful blindness that will not see its loveliness. I am afraid your last observation approaches most nearly to the truth, and that it is owing more to their own fastidiousness than to the want of friends and admirers, that intelligent women are so often alone in the world. But were it otherwise, the objection will not apply to Italian poetry, a field of luxuriant beauty, from which women are not interdicted even by the most intolerant prejudice of masculine usurpation.

Anthelia.—They are not interdicted, certainly; but they are seldom encouraged to enter it. Perhaps it is feared, that, having gone thus far, they might be tempted to go farther: that the friend of Tasso might aspire to the acquaintance of Virgil, or even to an introduction to Homer and Sophocles.

Mr Forester.—And why should she not? Far from desiring to suppress such a noble ambition, how delightful should I think the task of conducting

the lovely aspirant through the treasures of Grecian genius!—to wander hand-in-hand with such a companion among the valleys and fountains of Ida, and by the banks of the eddying Scamander;* through the island of Calypso, and the gardens of Alcinous;† to the rocks of the Scythian desert;‡ to the caverned shores of the solitary Lemnos;§ and to the fatal sands of Trœzene;‖ to kindle in such scenes the enthusiasm of such a mind, and to see the eyes of love and beauty beaming with their reflected inspiration! Miserably perverted, indeed, must be the selfishness of him who, having such happiness in his power, would,

> Like the base Indian, throw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe.

Mr Fax.—My friend's enthusiasm, Miss Melincourt, usually runs away with him when any allusion is made to ancient Greece.

Mr Forester had spoken with ardour and animation; for the scenes of which he spoke rose upon his mind and depicted in the incomparable poetry to which he had alluded; the figurative idea of wandering among them with a young and beautiful female aspirant, assumed for a moment a visionary reality; and when he subsequently reflected on it it appeared to him very singular that the female

* The Iliad. † The Odyssey.
‡ The Prometheus of Æschylus.
§ The Philoctetes of Sophocles.
‖ The Hippolytus of Euripides.

figure in the mental picture had assumed the form and features of Anthelia Melincourt.

Anthelia, too, saw in the animated countenance of Sylvan Forester traces of more than common feeling, generosity, and intelligence: his imaginary wanderings through the classic scenes of antiquity assumed in her congenial mind the brightest colours of intellectual beauty; and she could not help thinking that if he were what he appeared, such wanderings, with such a guide, would not be the most unenviable of earthly destinies.

The other guests dropped in by ones and twos. Sir Telegraph was agreeably surprised to see Mr Forester. "By-the-by," said he, "have you heard that a general election is to take place immediately?"

"I have," said Mr Forester, "and was thinking of putting you and your barouche in requisition very shortly."

"As soon as you please," said Sir Telegraph.

The Honourable Mrs Pinmoney took Sir Telegraph aside, to make inquiry concerning the newcomers.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Who is that very bright-eyed, wild-looking young man?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—That is my old acquaintance and fellow-collegian, Sylvan Forester now of Redrose Abbey, in this county.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—Is he respectable?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—He has a good estate, if you mean that.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—To be sure I mean that. And who is that tall thin saturnine personage?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I know nothing of him but that his name is Fax, and that he is now on a visit to Mr Forester at Redrose Abbey.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—And who is that *very* tall and remarkably ugly gentleman?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—That is Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet; to which designation you may shortly add M.P. for the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote.

The Hon. Mrs Pinmoney.—A Baronet! and M.P.! Well, now I look at him again, I certainly do not think him so very plain: he has a very fashionable air. Haut-ton! French extraction, no doubt. And now I think of it, there is something very French in his physiognomy.*

Dinner was announced, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. Mr Forester offered his hand to Anthelia; and Sir Oran Haut-ton, following the example, presented his to the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney.†

* It would be interesting to know whether this remark was rendered by the French translator.—G.

† "Je l'ai vu présenter sa main pour reconduire les gens qui venoient le visiter; se promener gravement avec eux et comme de compagnie, &c."—BUFFON. *H. N. de l'Oran-Outang.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

THE dinner passed off with great harmony. The ladies withdrew. The bottle revolved with celerity, under the presidency of Mr Hippy, and the vice-presidency of Sir Telegraph Paxarett. The Reverend Mr Portpipe, who was that day of the party, pronounced an eulogium on the wine, which was echoed by the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, Mr O'Scarum, Lord Anophel Achthar, Mr Feathernest, and Mr Derrydown. Mr Forester and Mr Fax showed no disposition to destroy the unanimity of opinion on this interesting subject. Sir Oran Haut-ton maintained a grave and dignified silence, but demonstrated by his practice that his taste was orthodox. Mr O'Scarum sat between Sir Oran and the Reverend Mr Portpipe, and kept a sharp look-out on both sides of him; but did not, during the whole course of the sitting, detect either of his supporters in the heinous fact of a heeltap.

Mr Hippy.—Dr Killquick may say what he pleases.

> Of mithridate, cordials, and elixirs ;
> But from my youth this was my only physic.—
> Here's a colour ! what lady's cheek comes near it ?
> It sparkles, hangs out diamonds ! O my sweet heart !
> Mistress of merry hearts ! they are not worth thy favours
> Who number thy moist kisses in these crystals ! *

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—An excellent text !—sound doctrine, plain and practical. When I open the bottle, I shut the book of Numbers. There are two reasons for drinking: one is, when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. The first is obvious, mechanical, and plebeian; the second is most refined, abstract, prospicient, and canonical. I drink by anticipation of thirst that may be. Prevention is better than cure. Wine is the elixir of life. "The soul," says St Augustine, "cannot live in drought." † What is death? Dust and ashes. There is nothing so dry. What is life? Spirit. What is Spirit? Wine.

Mr O'Scarum.—And whisky.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe. — Whisky is hepatic, phlogistic, and exanthematous. Wine is the hierarchical and archiepiscopal fluid. Bacchus is said to have conquered the East, and to have returned loaded with its spoils. "Marry how? tropically."

* Fletcher's "Sea Voyage."

† Anima certè, quia spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.

The conquests of Bacchus are the victories of imagination, which, sublimated by wine, put to rout care, fear, and poverty, and revels in the treasures of Utopia.

Mr Feathernest.—The juice of the grape is the liquid quintessence of concentrated sunbeams. Man is an exotic, in this northern climate, and must be nourished like a hot-house plant, by the perpetual adhibition of artificial heat.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—You were not always so fond of wine, Feathernest?

Mr Feathernest.—Oh, my lord! no allusion, I beseech you, to my youthful errors. Demosthenes being asked what wine he liked best, answered, that which he drank at the expense of others.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—Demosthenes was right. His circumstance, or qualification, is an accompaniment of better relish than a devilled biscuit or an anchovy toast.

Mr Feathernest.—In former days, my lord, I had no experience that way; therefore I drank water against my will.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—And wrote Odes upon it, to Truth and Liberty.

Mr Feathernest.—"Ah, no more of that, an' thou lovest me." Now that I can get it for a song, I take my pipe of wine a year: and what is the effect? Not cold phlegmatic lamentations over the sufferings of the poor, but high-flown, jovial, reeling dithyrambics "to all the crowned heads in Europe." I had then a vague notion that all was

wrong. Persuasion has since appeared to me in a tangible shape, and convinced me that all is right, especially at court. Then I saw darkly through a glass—of water. Now I see clearly through a glass of wine.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe (*looking through his glass at the light*).—An infallible telescope!

Mr Forester.—I am unfortunately one of those, sir, who very much admired your Odes to Truth and Liberty, and read your royal lyrics with very different sensations.

Mr Feathernest.—I presume, sir, every man has a right to change his opinions.

Mr Forester.—From disinterested conviction undoubtedly: but when it is obviously from mercenary motives, the apostasy of a public man is a public calamity. It is not his single loss to the cause he supported, that is alone to be lamented: the deep shade of mistrust which his conduct throws on that of all others who embark in the same career, tends to destroy all sympathy with the enthusiasm of genius, all admiration for the intrepidity of truth, all belief in the sincerity of zeal for public liberty: if their advocates drop one by one into the vortex of courtly patronage, every new one that arises will be more and more regarded as a hollow-hearted hypocrite, a false and venal angler for pension and place; for there is in these cases no criterion by which the world can distinguish the baying of a noble dog that will defend his trust till death, from the yelping of a political cur, that only infests the

heels of power to be silenced with the offals of corruption.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Cursed severe, Feathernest, 'pon honour.

*Mr Fax.—The gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is perhaps too common an occurrence to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation.**

Mr Forester.—If it were not common, it would not need reprobation. Vices of unfrequent occurrence stand sufficiently self-exposed in the insulation of their own deformity. The vices that call for the scourge of satire, are those which pervade the whole frame of society, and which, under some specious pretence of private duty, or the sanction of custom and precedent, are almost permitted to assume the semblance of virtue, or at least to pass unstigmatized in the crowd of congenial transgressions.

Mr Feathernest.—You may say what you please, sir. I am accustomed to this language, and am quite callous to it, I assure you. I am in good odour at court, sir; and you know, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.* While I was out, sir, I made a great noise till I was let in. There was a pack of us, sir, to keep up your canine metaphor: two or three others got in at the same time: we knew very well that those who were shut out, would raise a hue and cry after us: it was perfectly natural: we should have done the same in their place: mere envy and malice,

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. liii. p. 10.

nothing more. Let them bark on: when they are either wanted or troublesome, they will be let in, in their turn. If there be any man who prefers a crust and water, to venison and sack, I am not of his mind. It is pretty and politic to make a virtue of necessity: but when there is an end of the necessity I am very willing that there should be an end of the virtue. *If you could live on roots*, said Diogenes to Aristippus, *you would have nothing to do with kings.—If you could live on kings*, replied Aristippus, *you would have nothing to do with roots.*—Every man for himself, sir, and God for us all.

Mr Derrydown.—The truth of things on this subject is contained in the following stave:

> This world is a well-furnish'd table,
> Where guests are promiscuously set:
> We all fare as well as we're able,
> And scramble for what we can get.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Buz the bottle.

Mr O'Scarum.—Over, by Jupiter!

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—No.

Mr O'Scarum.—Yes.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—No. The baronet has a most mathematical eye. Buzzed to a drop!

Mr Forester.—Fortunately, sir, for the hopes of mankind, every man does not bring his honour and conscience to market, though I admit the majority do: there are some who dare be honest in the worst of times.

Mr Feathernest.—Perhaps, sir, you are one of

those who can *afford to have a conscience*, and are therefore under no necessity of bringing it to market. If so, you should "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." It is a great luxury certainly, and well worth keeping, *cæteris paribus*. But it is neither meat, clothes, nor fire. It becomes a good coat well; but it will never make one. Poets are verbal musicians, and, like other musicians, they have a right to sing and play, where they can be best paid for their music.

Mr Forester.—There could be no objection to that, if they would be content to announce themselves as dealers and chapmen: but the poetical character is too frequently a combination of the most arrogant and exclusive assumption of freedom and independence in theory, with the most abject and unqualified venality, servility, and sycophancy in practice.

Mr Feathernest.—It is *as notorious*, sir, *as the sun at noonday*, that theory and practice are never expected to coincide. If a West Indian planter declaims against the Algerines, do you expect him to lose any favourable opportunity of increasing the number of his own slaves? If an invaded country cries out against spoliation, do you suppose, if the tables were turned, it would show its weaker neighbours the forbearance it required? If an Opposition orator clamours for a reform in Parliament, does any one dream that, if he gets into office, he will ever say another word about it? If one of your reverend friends should display his

touching eloquence on the subject of temperance, would you therefore have the barbarity to curtail him of one drop of his three bottles? Truth and liberty, sir, are pretty words, very pretty words—a few years ago they were the gods of the day—they superseded in poetry the agency of mythology and magic: they were the only passports into the poetical market: I acted accordingly the part of a prudent man: I took my station, became my own crier, and vociferated Truth and Liberty, till the noise I made brought people about me, to bid for me: and to the highest bidder I knocked myself down, at less than I am worth certainly; but when an article is not likely to keep, it is by no means prudent to postpone the sale.

> What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year.—
> And that which was proved true before,
> Prove false again?—Two hundred more.

Mr Hippy.—A dry discussion! Pass the bottle, and moisten it.

Mr O'Scarum.—Here's half of us fast asleep. Let us make a little noise to wake us. A glee now: I'll be one; who'll join?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—And I.

Mr Hippy.—Strike up then. Silence!

GLEE—THE GHOSTS.

> In life three ghostly friars were we,
> And now three friarly ghosts we be.

Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats :
With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we :
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth :
" O list ! " he cries, " the haunted choir !
The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar."
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts are we :
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

Mr Hippy.—Bravo ! I should like to have my house so haunted. The deuce is in it, if three such ghosts would not keep the blue devils at bay. Come, we'll lay them in a bumper of claret.

(*Sir Oran Haut-ton took his flute from his pocket, and played over the air of the glee. The company was at first extremely surprised, and then joined in applauding his performance. Sir Oran bowed acknowledgment, and returned his flute to his pocket.*)

Mr Forester.—It is, perhaps, happy for yourself, Mr Feathernest, that you can treat with so much levity a subject that fills me with the deepest grief. Man under the influence of civilisation has fearfully diminished in size and deteriorated in

strength. The intellectual are confessedly nourished at the expense of the physical faculties. Air, the great source and fountain of health and life, can scarcely find access to civilised man, muffled as he is in clothes, pent in houses, smoke-dried in cities, half-roasted by artificial fire, and parboiled in the hydrogen of crowded apartments. Diseases multiply upon him in compound proportion. Even if the prosperous among us enjoy some comforts unknown to the natural man, yet what is the poverty of the savage, compared with that of the lowest classes in civilised nations? The specious aspect of luxury and abundance in one is counterbalanced by the abject penury and circumscription of hundreds. Commercial prosperity is a golden surface, but all beneath it is rags and wretchedness. It is not in the splendid bustle of our principal streets —in the villas and mansions that sprinkle our valleys—for those who enjoy these things (even if they did enjoy them—even if they had health and happiness—and the rich have seldom either), bear but a small proportion to the whole population :— but it is in the mud hovel of the labourer—in the cellar of the artisan—in our crowded prisons—our swarming hospitals—our overcharged workhouses —in those narrow districts of our overgrown cities, which the affluent never see—where thousands and thousands of families are compressed within limits not sufficient for the pleasure-ground of a simple squire, — that we must study the true mechanism of political society. When the philo-

sopher turns away in despair from this dreadful accumulation of moral and physical evil, where is he to look for consolation, if not in the progress of science, in the enlargement of mind, in the diffusion of philosophical truth? But if truth is a chimæra—if virtue is a name—if science is not the handmaid of moral improvement, but the obsequious minister of recondite luxury, the specious appendage of vanity and power—then indeed, *that man has fallen never to rise again*,* is as much the cry of nature as the dream of superstition.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—Man has fallen, certainly, by the fruit of the tree of knowledge: which shows that human learning is vanity and a great evil, and therefore very properly discountenanced by all bishops, priests, and deacons.

Mr Fax.—The picture which you have drawn of poverty is not very tempting; and you must acknowledge that it is most galling to the most refined feelings. You must not, therefore, wonder that it is peculiarly obnoxious to the practical notions of poets. If the radiance of gold and silver gleam not through the foliage of the Pierian laurel, there is something to be said in their excuse if they carry their chaplet to those who will gild its leaves; and in that case they will find their best customers and patrons among those who are ambitious of acquiring panegyric by a more com-

* See the preface to the third volume of the *Ancient Metaphysics*. See also Rousseau's *Discourse on Inequality* and that on the *Arts and Sciences*.

pendious method than the troublesome practice of the virtues that deserve it.

Mr Forester.—You have quoted Juvenal, but you should have completed the sentence: "If you see no glimpse of coin in the Pierian shade, you will prefer the name and occupation of a barber or an auctioneer."* This is most just: if the pursuits of literature conscientiously conducted, condemn their votary to famine, let him live by more humble, but at least by honest, and therefore honourable occupations: he may still devote his leisure to his favourite pursuits. If he produce but a single volume consecrated to moral truth, its effect must be good as far as it goes; but if he purchase leisure and luxury by the prostitution of talent to the cause of superstition and tyranny, every new exertion of his powers is a new outrage to reason and virtue, and in precise proportion to those powers is he a curse to his country, and a traitor to mankind.

Mr Feathernest.—A barber, sir!—a man of genius turn barber!

Mr O'Scarum.—Troth, sir, and I think it is better he should be in the suds himself, than help to bring his country into that situation.

Mr Forester.—I can perceive, sir, in your exclamation the principle that has caused so enormous a superabundance in the number of bad books over that of good ones. The objects of the majority

* Nam si Pierià quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ,
Et vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendit, &c.—Juv.

of men of talent seem to be exclusively two : the first, to convince the world of their transcendent abilities; the second, to convert that conviction into a source of the greatest possible pecuniary benefit to themselves. But there is no class of men more resolutely indifferent to the moral tendency of the means by which their ends are accomplished. Yet this is the most extensively pernicious of all modes of dishonesty; for that of a private man can only injure the pockets of a few individuals (a great evil, certainly, but light in comparison); while that of a public writer, who has previously taught the multitude to respect his talents, perverts what is much more valuable, the mental progress of thousands; misleading, on the one hand, the shallow believers in his sincerity; and on the other, stigmatizing the whole literary character in the opinions of all who see through the veil of his venality.

Mr Feathernest.—All this is no reason, sir, why a man of genius should condescend to be a barber.

Mr Forester.—He condescends much more in being a sycophant. The poorest barber in the poorest borough in England, who will not sell his vote, is a much more honourable character in the estimate of moral comparison than the most self-satisfied dealer in courtly poetry, whose well-paid eulogiums of licentiousness and corruption were ever re-echoed by the "most sweet voices" of hireling gazetteers and pensioned reviewers.

The summons to tea and coffee put a stop to the conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSIC AND DISCORD.

THE evenings were beginning to give symptoms of winter, and a large fire was blazing in the library. Mr Forester took the opportunity of stigmatizing the use of sugar, and had the pleasure of observing that the practice of Anthelia in this respect was the same as his own. He mentioned his intention of giving an anti-saccharine festival at Redrose Abbey, and invited all the party at Melincourt to attend it. He observed that his aunt, Miss Evergreen, who would be there at the time, would send an invitation in due form to the ladies, to remove all scruples on the score of propriety; and added, that if he could hope for the attendance of half as much moral feeling as he was sure there would be of beauty and fashion, he should be satisfied that a great step would be made towards accomplishing the object of the Anti-saccharine Society.

The Reverend Mr Grovelgrub felt extremely indignant at Mr Forester's notion "of every real

enemy to slavery being bound by the strictest moral duty to practical abstinence from the luxury which slavery acquires ; " but when he found that the notion was to be developed in the shape of a festival, he determined to suspend his judgment till he had digested the solid arguments that were to be brought forward on the occasion.

Mr O'Scarum was, as usual, very clamorous for music, and was seconded by the unanimous wish of the company, with which Anthelia readily complied, and sung as follows :

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many ;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah ! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas ! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.

But be the rose and amaranth twined,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

"I am afraid," said Mr Derrydown, "the flower of modern love is neither the rose nor the amaranth, but the *chrysanthemum*, or *gold-flower*. If Miss Danaretta and Mr O'Scarum will accompany me, we will sing a little harmonized ballad, something in point, and rather more conformable to the truth of things." Mr O'Scarum and Miss Danaretta consented, and they accordingly sung the following :—

BALLAD TERZETTO—THE LADY, THE KNIGHT, AND THE FRIAR.

THE LADY.

O cavalier ! what dost thou here,
Thy tuneful vigils keeping ;
While the northern star looks cold from far,
And half the world is sleeping ?

THE KNIGHT.

O lady ! here, for seven long year,
Have I been nightly sighing,
Without the hope of a single tear
To pity me were I dying.

THE LADY.

Should I take thee to have and to hold,
Who hast nor lands nor money ?
Alas ! 'tis only in flowers of gold
That married bees find honey.

THE KNIGHT.

O lady fair ! to my constant prayer
Fate proves at last propitious :
And bags of gold in my hand I bear,
And parchment scrolls delicious.

THE LADY.

My maid the door shall open throw,
For we too long have tarried :
The friar keeps watch in the cellar below,
And we will at once be married.

THE FRIAR.

My children ! great is Fortune's power ;
And plain this truth appears,
That gold thrives more in a single hour,
Than love in seven long years.

During this terzetto, the Reverend Mr Portpipe fell asleep, and accompanied the performance with rather a deeper bass than was generally deemed harmonious.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett took Mr Forester aside, to consult him on the subject of the journey to Onevote.

"I have asked," said he, "my aunt and cousin, Mrs and Miss Pinmoney, to join the party, and have requested them to exert their influence with Miss Melincourt to induce her to accompany them."

"That would make it a delightful expedition, indeed," said Mr Forester, "if Miss Melincourt could be prevailed on to comply."

"*Nil desperandum*," said Sir Telegraph.

The Honourable Mrs Pinmoney drew Anthelia into a corner, and developed all her eloquence in enforcing the proposition. Miss Danaretta joined in it with great earnestness; and they kept up the fire of their importunity till they extorted from Anthelia a promise that she would consider of it.

Mr Forester took down a splendid edition of Tasso, printed by Bodoni at Parma, and found it ornamented with Anthelia's drawings. In the magic of her pencil, the wild and wonderful scenes of Tasso seemed to live under his eyes: he could not forbear expressing to her the delight he experienced from these new proofs of her sensibility and genius, and entered into a conversation with her concerning her favourite poet, in which the congeniality of their tastes and feelings became more and more manifest to each other.

Mr Feathernest and Mr Derrydown got into a hot dispute over Chapman's Homer and Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living: Mr Derrydown maintaining that the ballad metre which Chapman had so judiciously chosen, rendered his volume the most divine poem in the world; Mr Feathernest asserting that Chapman's verses were mere doggerel: which vile aspersion Mr Derrydown revenged by depreciating Mr Feathernest's favourite Jeremy. Mr Feathernest said he could expect no better judgment from a man who was mad enough to prefer Chevy Chase to Paradise Lost; and Mr Derrydown retorted, that it was idle to expect either taste or justice from one who had thought

fit to unite in himself two characters so anomalous as those of a poet and a critic, in which duplex capacity he had first deluged the world with torrents of execrable verses, and then written anonymous criticisms to prove them divine. "Do you think, sir," he continued, "that it is possible for the same man to be both Homer and Aristotle? No, sir; but it is very possible to be both Dennis and Colley Cibber, as in the melancholy example before me."

At this all the blood of the *genus irritabile* boiled in Mr Feathernest's veins, and uplifting the ponderous folio, he seemed inclined to bury his antagonist under Jeremy's *weight of words*, by applying them in a *tangible shape;* but wisely recollecting that this was not the time and place

> To prove his doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks,

he contented himself with a point-blank denial of the charge that he wrote critiques on his own works, protesting that all the articles on his poems were written either by his friend Mr Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, or by Mr Vamp, the amiable editor of the *Legitimate Review.* "Yes," said Mr Derrydown, "on the '*Tickle me, Mr Hayley*' principle; by which a miserable cabal of doggerel rhymesters and worn-out paragraph-mongers of bankrupt gazettes ring the eternal changes of panegyric on each other, and on everything else that is either rich enough to buy their praise, or vile enough to deserve it: like a gang in a country

steeple, paid for being a public nuisance, and maintaining that noise is melody."

Mr Feathernest on this became perfectly outrageous; and waving Jeremy Taylor in the air, exclaimed, "*Oh that mine enemy had written a book!* Horrible should be the vengeance of the *Legitimate Review!*"

Mr Hippy now deemed it expedient to interpose for the restoration of order, and entreated Anthelia to throw in a little musical harmony as a sedative to the ebullitions of a poetical discord. At the sound of the harp the antagonists turned away, the one flourishing his Chapman and the other his Jeremy with looks of lofty defiance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STRATAGEM.

THE Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, who had acquired a great proficiency in the art of hearing without seeming to listen, had overheard Mrs Pinmoney's request to Anthelia; and, notwithstanding the young lady's hesitation, he very much feared she would ultimately comply. He had seen, much against his will, a great congeniality in feelings and opinions between her and Mr Forester, and had noticed some unconscious external manifestations of the interior mind on both sides, some outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual sentiment, which convinced him that a more intimate acquaintance with each other would lead them to a conclusion, which, for the reasons we have given in the ninth chapter, he had no wish to see established. After long and mature deliberation, he determined to rouse Lord Anophel to a sense of his danger, and spirit him up to an immediate *coup-de-main*. He calculated that, as the young Lord was a spoiled child, immoderately vain, passably foolish, and totally unused to contradiction, he should have little

difficulty in moulding him to his views. His plan was, that Lord Anophel, with two or three confidential fellows, should lie in ambush for Anthelia in one of her solitary rambles, and convey her to a lonely castle of his Lordship's on the sea-coast, with a view of keeping her in close custody, till fair means or foul should induce her to regain her liberty, in the character of Lady Achthar. This was to be Lord Anophel's view of the subject; but the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub had in the inner cave of his perceptions a very promising image of a different result. As he would have free access to Anthelia in her confinement, he intended to worm himself into her favour, under the cover of friendship and sympathy, with the most ardent professions of devotion to her cause and promises of endeavours to effect her emancipation, involving the accomplishment of this object in a multitude of imaginary difficulties, which it should be his professed study to vanquish. He deemed it very probable, that, by a skilful adoperation of these means, and by moulding Lord Anophel, at the same time, into a system of conduct as disagreeable as possible to Anthelia, he might himself become the lord and master of the lands and castle of Melincourt, when he would edify the country with the example of his truly orthodox life, faring sumptuously every day, raising the rents of his tenants, turning out all who were in arrear, and occasionally treating the rest with discourses on temperance and charity.

With these ideas in his head, he went in search of Lord Anophel, and proceeding *pedetentim*, and opening the subject *peirastically*, he managed so skilfully, that his Lordship became himself the proposer of the scheme, with which the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub seemed unwillingly to acquiesce.

Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton took leave of the party at Melincourt Castle; the former having arranged with Sir Telegraph Paxarett, that he was to call for them at Redrose Abbey in the course of three days, and reiterated his earnest hopes that Anthelia would be persuaded to accompany Mrs Pinmoney and her beautiful daughter, in the expedition to Onevote.

Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub also took leave, as a matter of policy, that their disappearance at the same time with Anthelia might not excite surprise. They pretended a pressing temporary engagement in a distant part of the country, and carried off with them Mr Feathernest the poet, whom, nevertheless, they did not deem it prudent to let into the secret of their scheme.

The next day Anthelia, still undecided on this subject, wandered alone to the ruined bridge, to contemplate the scene of her former misadventure. As she ascended the hill that bounded the valley of Melincourt, a countryman crossed her path, and touching his hat passed on. She thought there was something peculiar in his look, but had quite forgotten him, when, on looking back as she de-

scended on the other side, she observed him making signs, as if to some one at a distance: she could not, however, consider that they had any relation to her. The day was clear and sunny; and when she entered the pine-grove, the gloom of its tufted foliage, with the sunbeams chequering the dark-red soil, formed a grateful contrast to the naked rocks and heathy mountains that lay around it, in the full blaze of daylight. In many parts of the grove was a luxuriant laurel underwood, glittering like silver in the partial sunbeams that penetrated the interstices of the pines. Few scenes in nature have a more mysterious solemnity than such a scene as this. Anthelia paused a moment. She thought she heard a rustling in the laurels, but all was again still. She proceeded: the rustling was renewed. She felt alarmed, yet she knew not why, and reproached herself for such idle and unaccustomed apprehensions. She paused again to listen; the soft tones of a flute sounded from a distance: these gave her confidence, and she again proceeded. She passed by the tuft of laurels in which she had heard the rustling. Suddenly a mantle was thrown over her. She was wrapped in darkness, and felt that she was forcibly seized by several persons, who carried her rapidly along. She screamed, but the mantle was immediately pressed on her mouth, and she was hurried onward. After a time the party stopped: a tumult ensued: she found herself at liberty, and threw

the mantle from her head. She was on a road at the verge of the pine-grove: a chaise-and-four was waiting. Two men were running away in the distance: two others, muffled and masked, were rolling on the ground, and roaring for mercy, while Sir Oran Haut-ton was standing over them with a stick,* and treating them as if he were a thresher, and they were sheaves of corn. By her side was Mr Forester, who, taking her hand, assured her that she was in safety, while at the same time he endeavoured to assuage Sir Oran's wrath, that he might raise and unmask the fallen foes. Sir Oran, however, proceeded in his summary administration of natural justice till he had dispensed what was to his notion a *quantum sufficit* of the application: then throwing his stick aside, he caught them both up, one under each arm, and climbing with great dexterity a high and precipitous rock, left them perched upon its summit, bringing away their masks in his hand, and making them a profound bow at taking leave.†

* "They use an artificial weapon for attack and defence, viz., a stick, which no animal merely brute is known to do." —*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

† "There is a story of one of them, which seems to show they have a sense of justice as well as honour. For a negro having shot a female of this kind, that was feeding among his Indian corn, the male, whom our author calls the husband of this female, pursued the negro into his house, of which having forced open the door, he seized the negro and dragged him out of the house to the place where his wife lay dead or wounded, and the people of the neighbourhood could not rescue the negro, nor force the oran to quit

Mr Forester was anxious to follow them to their aërial seat, that he might ascertain who they were, which Sir Oran's precipitation had put it out of his power to do; but Anthelia begged him to return with her immediately to the Castle, assuring him that she thought them already sufficiently punished, and had no apprehension that they would feel tempted again to molest her.

Sir Oran now opened the chaise-door, and drew out the post-boys by the leg, who, at the beginning of the fray, had concealed themselves from his fury under the seat. Mr Forester succeeded in rescuing them from Sir Oran, and endeavoured to extract from them information as to their employers: but the boys declared that they knew nothing of them, the chaise having been ordered by a strange man to be in waiting at that place, and the hire paid in advance.

Anthelia, as she walked homeward, leaning on Mr Forester's arm, inquired to what happy accident she was indebted for the timely intervention of himself and Sir Oran Haut-ton. Mr Forester informed her, that having a great wish to visit the scene which had been the means of introducing him to her acquaintance, he had made Sir Oran understand his desire, and they had accordingly set out together, leaving Mr Fax at Redrose Abbey, deeply engaged in the solution of a problem in political arithmetic.

his hold of him, till they shot him likewise."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, book ii. chap. 4.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXCURSION.

ANTHELIA found, from what Mr Forester had said, that she had excited a much greater interest in his mind than she had previously supposed; and she did not dissemble to herself that the interest was reciprocal. The occurrence of the morning, by taking the feeling of safety from her solitary walks, and unhinging her long associations with the freedom and security of her native mountains, gave her an inclination to depart for a time at least from Melincourt Castle; and this inclination, combining with the wish to see more of one who appeared to possess so much intellectual superiority to the generality of mankind, rendered her very flexible to Mrs Pinmoney's wishes, when that honourable lady renewed her solicitations to her to join the expedition to Onevote. Anthelia, however, desired that Mr Hippy might be of the party, and that her going in Sir Telegraph's carriage should not be construed in any degree into a reception of his addresses. The Honourable Mrs Pinmoney,

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delighted to carry her point, readily complied with the condition, trusting to the influence of time and intimacy to promote her own wishes, and the happiness of her dear nephew.

Mr Hippy was so overjoyed at the project, that, in the first ebullitions of his transport, meeting Harry Fell on the landing-place, with a packet of medicine from Dr Killquick, he seized him by the arm, and made him dance a *pas de deux:* the packet fell to the earth, and Mr Hippy, as he whirled old Harry round to the tune of *La Belle Laitière*, danced over that which, but for this timely demolition, might have given his heir an opportunity of dancing over him.

It was accordingly arranged that Sir Telegraph Paxarett, with the ladies and Mr Hippy, should call on the appointed day at Redrose Abbey for Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton.

Mr Derrydown and Mr O'Scarum were inconsolable on the occasion, notwithstanding Mr Hippy's assurance that they should very soon return, and that the hospitality of Melincourt Castle should then be resumed under his supreme jurisdiction. Mr Derrydown determined to consume the interval at Keswick, in the composition of dismal ballads; and Mr O'Scarum to proceed to Low-wood Inn, and drown his cares in claret with Major O'Dogskin.

We shall pass over the interval till the arrival of the eventful day on which Mr Forester, from the windows of Redrose Abbey, watched the approach

of Sir Telegraph's barouche. The party from Melincourt arrived, as had been concerted, to breakfast: after which, they surveyed the Abbey, and perambulated the grounds. Mr Forester produced the Abbot's skull,* and took occasion to expatiate very largely on the diminution of the size of mankind; illustrating his theory by quotations and anecdotes from Homer,† Herodo-

* See Chap. IV.

† "Homer has said nothing, positively, of the size of any of his heroes, but only comparatively, as I shall presently observe: nor is this to be wondered at; for I know no historian, ancient or modern, that says anything of the size of the men of his own nation, except comparatively with that of other nations. But in that fine episode of his, called by the ancient critics the Τειχοσκοπια or *Prospect from the Walls*, he has given us a very accurate description of the persons of several of the Greek heroes; which I am persuaded he had from very good information. In this description he tells us, that Ulysses was shorter than Agamemnon by the head, shorter than Menelaus by the head and shoulders, and that Ajax was taller than any of the Greeks by the head and shoulders; consequently, Ulysses was shorter than Ajax by two heads and shoulders, which we cannot reckon less than four feet. Now, if we suppose these heroes to have been no bigger than we, then Ajax must have been a man about six feet and a half, or at most seven feet; and if so Ulysses must have been most contemptibly short, not more than three feet, which is certainly not the truth, but a most absurd and ridiculous fiction, such as we cannot suppose in Homer: whereas, if we allow Ajax to have been twelve or thirteen feet high, and, much more, if we suppose him to have been eleven cubits, as Philostratus makes him, Ulysses, though four feet short of him, would have been of a good size, and, with the extraordinary breadth which Homer observes he

tus,* Arrian, Plutarch, Philostratus, Pausanias, and Solinus Polyhistor. He asked if it were possible

had, may have been as strong a man as Ajax."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

* "It was only in after-ages, when the size of men was greatly decreased, that the bodies of those heroes, if they happened to be discovered, were, as was natural, admired and exactly measured. Such a thing happened in Laconia, where the body of Orestes was discovered, and found to be of length seven cubits, that is, ten feet and a half. The story is most pleasantly told by Herodotus, and is to this effect: The Lacedemonians were engaged in a war with the Tegeatæ, a people of Arcadia, in which they were unsuccessful. They consulted the oracle at Delphi, what they should do in order to be more successful. The oracle answered, 'That they must bring to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon.' But these bones they could not find, and therefore they sent again to the oracle to inquire where Orestes lay buried. The god answered in hexameter verse, but so obscurely and enigmatically, that they could not understand what he meant. They went about inquiring everywhere for the bones of Orestes, till at last a wise man among them, called by Herodotus *Liches*, found them out, partly by good fortune, and partly by good understanding; for, happening to come one day to a smith's shop in the country of the Tegeatæ, with whom at that time there was a truce and intercourse betwixt the two nations, he looked at the operations of the smith, and seemed to admire them very much; which the smith observing, stopped his work, and, 'Stranger,' says he, 'you that seem to admire so much the working of iron, would have wondered much more if you had seen what I saw lately; for, as I was digging for a well in this court here, I fell upon a coffin that was seven cubits long; but *believing that there never were at any time bigger men than the present*, I opened the coffin, and found there a dead body as long as the coffin, which having measured I

that men of such a stature, as they have dwindled to in the present age, could have erected that

again buried.' Hearing this, the Spartan conjectured that the words of the oracle would apply to a smith's shop, and to the operations there performed; but taking care not to make this discovery to the smith, he prevailed on him, with much difficulty, to give him a lease of the court; which having obtained, he opened the coffin, and carried the bones to Sparta. After which, says our author, the Spartans were upon every occasion superior in fight to the Tegeatæ."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 146.

"The most of our philosophers at present are, I believe, of the opinion of the smith in Herodotus, who might be excused for having that opinion at a time when perhaps no other heroic body had been discovered. But in later times, I believe there was not the most vulgar man in Greece, who did not believe that those heroes were very much superior, both in mind and body, to the men of after-times. Indeed, they were not considered as mere men, but as something betwixt gods and men, and had *heroic* honours paid them, which were next to the *divine*. On the stage they were represented as of extraordinary size, both as to length and breadth; for the actor was not only raised upon very high shoes, which they called *cothurns*, but he was put into a case that swelled his size prodigiously (and I have somewhere read a very ridiculous story of one of them, who, coming upon the stage, fell and broke his case, so that all the trash with which it was stuffed, came out and was scattered upon the stage in the view of the whole people). This accounts for the high style of ancient tragedy, in which the heroes speak a language so uncommon, that, if I considered them as men nowise superior to us, I should think it little better than fustian, and should be apt to apply to it what Falstaff says to Pistol: 'Pr'ythee, Pistol, speak like a man of this world.' And I apply the same observation to Homer's poems. If I considered his heroes as no more

stupendous monument of human strength, Stonehenge? in the vicinity of which, he said, a body had been dug up, measuring fourteen feet ten inches in length.*

than men of this world, I should consider the things he relates of them as quite ridiculous; but believing them to be men very much superior to us, I read Homer with the highest admiration, not only as a poet, but as the historian of the noblest race of men that ever existed. Thus, by having right notions of the superiority of men in former times, we both improve our philosophy of man, and our taste in poetry."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 150.

* "But though we should give no credit to those ancient authors, there are monuments still extant, one particularly to be seen in our own island, which I think ought to convince every man that the men of ancient times were much superior to us, at least in the powers of the body. The monument I mean is well known by the name of Stonehenge, and there are several of the same kind to be seen in Denmark and Germany. I desire to know where are the arms now, that, with so little help of machinery as they must have had, could have raised and set up on end such a number of prodigious stones, and put others on the top of them, likewise of very great size? Such works are said by the peasants in Germany to be the works of giants, and I think they must have been giants compared with us. And, indeed, the men who erected Stonehenge could not, I imagine, be of size inferior to that man whose body was found in a quarry near to Salisbury, within a mile of which Stonehenge stands. The body of that man was fourteen feet ten inches. The fact is attested by an eye-witness, one Elyote, who writes, I believe, the first English-Latin Dictionary that ever was published. It is printed in London in 1542, in folio, and has, under the word *Gigas*, the following passage: 'About thirty years past and somewhat more, I myself beynge with my father Syr Rycharde Elyote, at a

The barouche bowled off from the Abbey gates, carrying four inside, and eight out; videlicet, the

monastery of regular canons, called Juy Churche, two myles from the citie of Sarisburye, beholde the bones of a deade man founde deep in the grounde, where they dygged stone, which being joined togyther, was in length xiiii feet and ten ynches, there beynge mette; whereof one of the teethe my father hadde, whych was of the quantytie of a great walnutte. This have I wrytten, because some menne wylle believe nothynge that is out of the compasse of theyre owne knowledge, and yet some of them presume to have knowledge, above any other, contempnynge all men but themselfes or suche as they favour.' It is for the reason mentioned by this author, that I have given so many examples of the greater size of men than is to be seen in our day, to which I could add several others concerning bodies that have been found in this our island, particularly one mentioned by Hector Boece in his *Description of Scotland*, prefixed to his Scotch History, where he tells us that in a certain church which he names in the shire of Murray, the bones of a man of much the same size as those of the man mentioned by Elyote, viz., fourteen feet, were preserved. One of these bones Boece himself saw, and has particularly described."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 156.

"But without having recourse to bones or monuments of any kind, if a man has looked upon the world as long as I have done with any observation he must be convinced that the size of man is diminishing. I have seen such bodies of men, as are not now to be seen: I have observed in families, of which I have known three generations, a gradual decline in that, and I am afraid in other respects. Others may think otherwise; but for my part I have so great a veneration for our ancestors, that I have much indulgence for that ancient superstition among the Etrurians, and from them derived to the Romans, of worshipping the *manes* of their ancestors under the names of *Lares* or

Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, Miss Danaretta, Mr Hippy, and Anthelia, inside; Sir Telegraph Paxarett and Sir Oran Haut-ton on the box, the former with his whip, and the latter with his French horn, in the characters of coachman and guard; Mr Forester and Mr Fax in the front of the roof; and Sir Telegraph's two grooms, with Peter Gray and Harry Fell, behind. Sir Telegraph's coachman, as the inside of the carriage was occupied, had been left at Melincourt.

In addition to Sir Telegraph's travelling library —(which consisted of a single quarto volume, magnificently bound: videlicet, a Greek Pindar, which Sir Telegraph always carried with him; not

domestic gods, which undoubtedly proceeded upon the supposition that they were men superior to themselves, and their departed souls such genii as Hesiod has described,

Ἐσθλοι, ἀλεξικακοι, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.

And if antiquity and the universal consent of nations can give a sanction to any opinion, it is to this, that our forefathers were better men than we. Even as far back as the Trojan war, the best age of men, of which we have any particular account, Homer has said that few men were better than their fathers, and the greater part worse:

Οι πλεονες κακιους, παυροι δε τε πατρος αρειους.

And this he puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom . . . . . But when I speak of the universal consent of nations, I ought to except the men, and particularly the young men, of this age, who generally believe themselves to be better men than their fathers, or than any of their predecessors."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 161.

that he ever read a page of it, but that he thought such a classical inside passenger would be a perpetual vindication of his tethrippharmatelasipedioploctypophilous pursuits), Anthelia and Mr Forester had taken with them a few of their favourite authors; for, as the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was situated almost at the extremity of the kingdom,* and as Sir Telegraph's diurnal stages were necessarily limited, they had both conjectured that

> the poet's page, by one
> Made vocal for the amusement of the rest,

might furnish an agreeable evening employment in the dearth of conversation. Anthelia also, in compliance with the general desire, had taken her lyre, by which the reader may understand, if he pleases, the *harp-lute-guitar;* which, whatever be its merit as an instrument, has so unfortunate an appellation, that we cannot think of dislocating our pages with such a cacophonous compound.

They made but a short stage from Redrose Abbey, and stopped for the first evening at Lowwood Inn, to the great joy of Mr O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin. Mr O'Scarum introduced the Major; and both offered their services to assist Mr Hippy and Sir Telegraph Paxarett in the council they were holding with the landlady on the eventful subject of dinner. This being arranged, and

* The point of departure being Westmoreland, this is an allusion to the number of rotten boroughs in Cornwall.—G.

the hour and minute punctually specified, it was proposed to employ the interval in a little excursion on the lake. The party was distributed in two boats: Sir Telegraph's grooms rowing the one, and Peter Gray and Harry Fell the other. They rowed to the middle of the lake, and rested on their oars. The sun sunk behind the summits of the western mountains: the clouds that, like other mountains, rested motionless above them, crested with the towers and battlements of aërial castles,* changed by degrees from fleecy whiteness to the deepest hues of crimson. A solitary cloud, resting on an eastern pinnacle, became tinged with the reflected splendour of the west: the clouds overhead spreading, like a uniform veil of network, through the interstices of which the sky was visible, caught in their turn the radiance, and reflected it on the lake, that lay in its calm expanse like a mirror, imaging with such stillness and accuracy the forms and colours of all around and above it, that it seemed as if the waters were withdrawn by magic, and the boats floated in crimson light between the mountains and the sky.

The whole party was silent, even the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, till Mr O'Scarum entreated Anthelia to sing "something neat and characteristic; or a harmony now for three voices, would be the killing thing; eh! Major?"—"Indeed and it

* The same simile occurs in "Redgauntlet," where a gigantic cloud at sunset is compared to "a Gothic fortress, into which the Lord of Day was descending."—G.

would," said Major O'Dogskin; "there's something very soft and pathetic in a cool evening on the water, to sit still doing nothing at all but listening to pretty words and tender melodies." And lest the sincerity of his opinion should be questioned, he accompanied it with an emphatical oath, to show that he was in earnest; for which the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney called him to order.

Major O'Dogskin explained.

Anthelia, accompanied by Miss Danaretta and Mr O'Scarum, sung the following

TERZETTO.

1. Hark! o'er the silent waters stealing,
   The dash of oars sounds soft and clear:
   Through night's deep veil, all forms concealing,
   Nearer it comes, and yet more near.

2. See! where the long reflection glistens,
   In yon lone tower her watch-light burns:
3. To hear our distant oars she listens,
   And, listening, strikes the harp by turns.

1. The stars are bright, the skies unclouded;
   No moonbeam shines; no breezes wake.
   Is it my love, in darkness shrouded,
   Whose dashing oar disturbs the lake?

2. O haste, sweet maid, the cords unrolling;
1. The holy hermit chides our stay!
2. 3. Hark! from his lonely islet tolling,
   His midnight bell shall guide our way.

Sir Oran Haut-ton now produced his flute, and treated the company with a solo. Another pause

succeeded. The contemplative silence was broken by Major O'Dogskin, who began to fidget about in the boat, and drawing his watch from his fob held it up to Mr Hippy, and asked him if he did not think the partridges would be spoiled? "To be sure they will," said Mr Hippy, "unless we make the best of our way. Cold comfort this, after all: sharp air and water:—give me a roaring fire and a six-bottle cooper of claret."

The oars were dashed into the water, and the fairy reflections of clouds, rocks, woods, and mountains were mingled in the confusion of chaos. The reader will naturally expect that, having two lovers on a lake, we shall not lose the opportunity of throwing the lady into the water, and making the gentlemen fish her out; but whether that our Thalia is too veridicous to permit this distortion of facts, or that we think it the more original incident to return them to the shore as dry as they left it, the reader must submit to the disappointment, and be content to see the whole party comfortably seated, without let, hindrance, or molestation, at a very excellent dinner, served up under the judicious inspection of mine hostess of Low-wood.

The heroes and heroines of Homer used to eat and drink all day till the setting sun;* and by dint of industry, contrived to finish that important business by the usual period at which modern

* Ἡμεις μιεν προπαν ημαρ, ες ηελιον καταδυντα,
Ημεθα, δαινυμενοι κρεα τ' ασπετοι και μεθυ ηδυ' κ.τ.λ.

beaux and belles begin it—who are, therefore, necessitated, like Penelope, to sit up all night: not, indeed, to destroy the works of the day, for how can nothing be annihilated? This does not apply to all our party, and we hope not to many of our readers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THEY stopped the next evening at a village on the sea-shore. The wind rose in the night, but without rain. Mr Forester was up before the sun, and descending to the beach, found Anthelia there before him, sitting on a rock, and listening to the dash of the waves, like a Nereid to Triton's shell.

Mr Forester. — You are an early riser, Miss Melincourt.

Anthelia.—I always was so. The morning is the infancy of the day, and, like the infancy of life, has health and bloom, and cheerfulness and purity, in a degree unknown to the busy noon, which is the season of care, or the languid evening, which is the harbinger of repose. Perhaps the song of the nightingale is not in itself less cheerful than that of the lark: it is the season of her song that invests it with the character of melancholy.*

* The nightingale is gay,
For she can vanquish night,
Dreaming, she sings of day,
Notes that make darkness bright.

it is the same with the associations of infancy: it is all cheerfulness, all hope: its path is on the flowers of an untried world. The daisy has more beauty in the eye of childhood than the rose in that of maturer life. The spring is the infancy of the year: its flowers are the flowers of promise and the darlings of poetry. The autumn too has its flowers; but they are little loved, and little praised: for the associations of autumn are not with ideas of cheerfulness, but with yellow leaves and hollow winds, heralds of winter, and emblems of dissolution.

Mr Forester.—These reflections have more in them of the autumn than of the morning. But the mornings of autumn participate in the character of the season.

Anthelia.—They do so: yet even in mists and storms the opening must be always more cheerful than the closing day.

Mr Forester.—But this morning is fine and clear, and the wind blows over the sea. Yet this, to me at least, is not a cheerful scene.

Anthelia.—Nor to me. But our long habits of association with the sound of the winds and the waters, have given them to us a voice of melancholy majesty: a voice not audible by those little children who are playing yonder on the shore.

> But when the refluent gloom
> Saddens the gaps of song,
> We charge on her the dolefulness,
> And call her crazed with wrong.—*Patmore.*

To them all scenes are cheerful. It is the morning of life: it is infancy that makes them so.

Mr Forester.—Fresh air and liberty are all that is necessary to the happiness of children. In that blissful age "when nature's self is new," the bloom of interest and beauty is found alike in every object of perception—in the grass of the meadow, the moss on the rock, and the seaweed on the sand. They find gems and treasures in shells and pebbles; and the gardens of fairyland in the simplest flowers. They have no melancholy associations with autumn or with evening. The falling leaves are their playthings; and the setting sun only tells them that they must go to rest as he does, and that he will light them to their sports in the morning. It is this bloom of novelty, and the pure, unclouded, unvitiated feelings with which it is contemplated, that throw such an unearthly radiance on the scenes of our infancy, however humble in themselves, and give a charm to their recollections which not even Tempe can compensate. It is the force of first impressions. The first meadow in which we gather cowslips, the first stream on which we sail, the first home in which we awake to the sense of human sympathy, have all a peculiar and exclusive charm, which we shall never find again in richer meadows, mightier rivers, and more magnificent dwellings; nor even in themselves, when we revisit them after the lapse of years, and the sad realities of noon have dissipated the illusions of sunrise. It is the same, too, with first love, what-

ever be the causes that render it unsuccessful: the second choice may have just preponderance in the balance of moral estimation: but the object of first affection, of all the perceptions of our being, will be most divested of the attributes of mortality. The magical associations of infancy are revived with double power in the feelings of first love; but when they too have departed, then, indeed, the light of the morning is gone.

Pensa che questo di mai non raggiorna!

Anthelia.—If this be so let me never be the object of a second choice: let me never love, or love but once.

Mr Forester.—The object of a second choice you cannot be with any one who will deserve your love: for to have loved any other woman, would show a heart too lightly captivated to be worthy of yours. The only mind that can deserve to love you, is one that would never have known love, if it never had known you.

Anthelia and Mr Forester were both so unfashionably sincere, that they would probably, in a very few minutes, have confessed to each other more than they had till that morning, perhaps, confessed to themselves, but that their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mr Hippy fuming for his breakfast, accompanied by Sir Telegraph cracking his whip, and Sir Oran blowing the Réveillée on his French horn.

"So ho!" exclaimed Sir Telegraph; "Achilles

and Thetis, I protest, consulting on the sea-shore."

Anthelia.—Do you mean to say, Sir Telegraph, that I am old enough to be Mr Forester's mother?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—No, no; that is no part of the comparison: but we are the ambassadors of Agamemnon (videlicet, Mr Fax, whom we felt very busily arranging the urns, not of lots by the by, but of tea and coffee): here is old Phœnix on one side of me, and Ajax on the other.

Mr Forester.—And you of course are the wise Ulysses.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—There the simile fails again. *Comparitio non urgenda*, as I think Heyne used to say, before I was laughed out of reading at college.

Mr Forester.—You should have found me too, if you call me Achilles, solacing my mind with music, φρενα τερπομενον φορμιγγι λιγειη: but, to make amends for the deficiency, you have brought me a musical Ajax.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—You have no reason to wish even for the golden lyre of my old friend Pindar himself: you have been listening to the music of the winds and the waters, and to what is more than music, the voice of Miss Melincourt.

Mr Hippy.—And there is a very pretty concert waiting for you at the inn—the tinkling of cups and spoons, and the divine song of the tea-urn.

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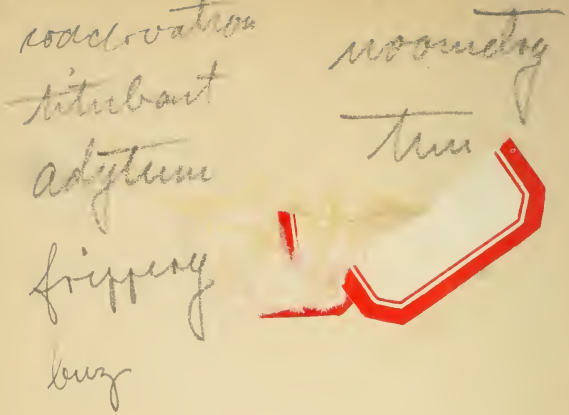

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